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PIANISTS OF THE PAST.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY THE LATE CHARLES SALAMAN.

[Since this paper was written, and before he could revise it for the press, we have had to lament the death of the gifted pianist and composer, some of whose reminiscences, which link the present with the great musical figures of the past, are recorded in it.—Ed. B. M.]

Probably there are few living besides myself who can establish what I may call a personal link with the actual beginning of pianoforte-playing, as modern musicians understand it. I have a distinct remembrance of the great Muzio Clementi, the "Father of the Pianoforte," as he was called, the earliest of the classic composers for that instrument, and the author of that pioneer work, the "Gradus ad Parnassum," which laid the foundation for all subsequent study of the art.

Born in 1752, four years before the birth of Mozart and seven before the death of Handel, Clementi was an old man of seventy-five when I saw him at a Philharmonic rehearsal at the Old Argyle Rooms on the morning of May 25, 1827. The venerable appearance and benevolent expression of the bald-headed veteran, and the deference shown to him by all in that select assembly, attracted my attention, alert with boyish enthusiasm; and great was

my delight when my master, Charles Neate, whom I had accompanied to the rehearsal, spoke to him, and then, turning to me as the old man kindly patted my head, said, "This is Muzio Clementi, a very great pianist and composer." I can well remember my excitement on learning that I was in the presence of the famous Italian musician who had practically founded and developed the art of pianoforte-playing, while the harpsichord was still the instrument of general use. Keenly did I watch the aged Clementi's face as, with intense interest, and his brilliant dark eyes glistening, he followed the marvellous performance of Hummel's now cruelly-neglected Concerto in A minor by a pale-faced boy of fifteen, the afterwards world-famed Franz Liszt. Of Clementi's playing and his "pearly" touch I can only speak from hearsay, for although he lived another five years he had given up performing in public at the time I first saw him, and I believe he afterwards played to an audience on only two special occasions. But though I was never fortunate enough to hear the "father of the pianoforte," I had seen him seated at the instrument. His last public appearance was as conductor of the opening concert of the Phil-

harmonic season of 1828, at the rehearsal of which I was present, and saw the grand old man for the second and last time. He sat at the piano—as conductors used to do in those days—waving his right hand rhythmically as he followed the score in front of him, while one of the first violins, acting as “leader” for the occasion, beat the time with his violin bow—not always synchronizing exactly with Clementi’s wave! This practice, by the way, must have become obsolete very shortly afterwards, for certainly I remember Mendelssohn, in the following year, standing at a desk, facing the orchestra, and directing the performance with a *baton*, according to modern custom.

It is from the year 1824, however, that I date my earliest recollection of a great pianist. This was John Baptist Cramer, a pupil of Clementi, and at that period the most renowned pianoforte-player in Europe, whose ascendancy in his art few would have been bold enough to dispute. He was fifty-one years of age when, as a boy of ten, I was taken to play to him, and never shall I forget the kindly encouragement with which he listened to my juvenile efforts, and the tremendous impression he made upon me by his own playing. I remember on that occasion his recommending that I should have his “Studies”—a recommendation which I found of infinite value, and one I would transmit to every pianoforte student, even in these days of elaborate systems of “technique” and dumb gymnastic pianos! He also advised my father to let me enter as a candidate at the approaching competitive examination for studentship at the then recently founded Royal Academy of Music; and shortly afterwards he was one of my judges, together with Sir George Smart, Cipriani Potter and others, though I never took advantage of my election. Of course I heard Cramer many times in those distant days and conceived a great admiration

for his purity of tone and his distinguished classical style. As a musician he was of the school of Mozart, whose compositions he constantly interpreted with true enthusiasm and perfect sympathy; and it was beautiful to hear him speak of Mozart, with whom he was contemporary for the first twenty years of his life. In appearance Cramer was dignified and elegant, with something of the look and bearing of the Kembles; and well can I recall the tranquil manner in which he displayed his mastery of the instrument, so different from the exhibitions of restless exaggeration and affectation one so often sees at the modern pianoforte recitals. It was a pleasure to watch the easy grace with which John Cramer moved his hands with bent fingers covering the keys.

Another famous pianist I can remember as far back as 1826 was Ignace Moscheles, then thirty-two years of age, the inventor of the *bravura* style of playing, the teacher of Mendelssohn and the friend of all the great musicians of his day. In that year I went to his residence in Upper Norton Street, Fitzroy Square, to play to him, and I recollect that, after some complimentary remarks, he warned me against flattery, and the belief that I had not still a great deal to learn—sound advice enough to a boy of twelve! Moscheles had taken Europe by storm, and initiated his great reputation by his wonderful performance of the extraordinary *bravura* variations he had written on the popular French piece, “The Fall of Paris,” a copy of which he gave me, together with his “Studies,” on the occasion of my first visit to him in 1826, which I still possess. So completely did this style captivate the popular taste, that he soon had a following and became recognized as the founder of a school which continued in fashion for some years. Later on, however, Moscheles emancipated himself from the *bravura* style, which

gradually played itself out, and he developed into a classical pianist and composer. I heard him often in the later twenties, the thirties and forties at the Philharmonic, his own and other concerts; and more than once I had the honor of appearing in the same program with him. I always admired his masterly command of all the resources of his instrument, and the genuine art of his playing, but I confess that he seldom quite charmed me, never deeply moved me. Of course I can only record my own personal impressions, and I never remember feeling, in listening to the accomplished performances of Moscheles, that a temperament was speaking to mine through the medium of the pianoforte, as I felt with Mendelssohn, with Liszt, with Chopin, with Thalberg, and later with Rubinstein. But if Moscheles seemed to me somewhat lacking in the power of expressing emotion, the art of the pianist was always consummate and beyond question. He was undoubtedly a master, indisputably a classic.

By the way, in 1862, just thirty-six years after I had been taken to play to Moscheles as a boy, a youth of twenty came to me with a letter of introduction and hearty commendation from the veteran in Leipzig. This was young Arthur Sullivan, who had just left the Conservatoire, bringing his beautiful "Tempest" music with him. After going to hear this at the Crystal Palace, I immediately proposed to the Council of the then flourishing Musical Society of London that we should give it at our next concert, but my suggestion was strenuously opposed. "Who is Sullivan?" they asked contemptuously. "We never heard of him." "But you will hear a good deal of him," was my reply; and I carried my point, which gave Arthur Sullivan his first public hearing in a London concert-room. I have still in my possession a letter from the brilliant and

modest young composer, dated April 16, 1862, asking if there was any foundation for the rumor that his work was to be performed, and adding, "I almost fear it is too good to be true!"

* Another *bravura* player of European fame and popularity in the second decade of the century was Henri Herz, whom I first heard in 1828. In June of that year I had made my public *début* at a concert, and in August I visited Paris in order to take some lessons from Herz on his own popular compositions, for the most part airs with interminable variations, some of which I was to perform in London during the next season. As this celebrated pianist was in great demand as a teacher, and his time was fully occupied, I was obliged to go to him for my lessons at his residence, No. 5 Rue de Faubourg Poissonnière, at five o'clock in the morning, the only hour he could possibly spare me. How I used to enjoy my walks through the silent, unpaved, though not too sweetly smelling streets of Paris at that early hour! By the way, I remember the diligence journey from Calais to Paris had occupied two days! Herz was very charming in manner and conversation, his playing wonderfully brilliant and facile in the execution of difficult passages. In his study was an eloquent testimony to his industry as an executant, in the form of a grand pianoforte, the ivory keys of which he had worn away by incessant practising! Herz came to London in 1833, and played at the Philharmonic and at one of the concerts of the Società Armonica—a charming society with an amateur element, whose concerts at the Freemason's Tavern and King's Theatre Concert Room I attended regularly. Every one played Herz's music in those days; who plays it now?

Of a very different school was John Field, who, although an Irishman, was known as "Russian Field," from his

thirty years' residence in the land of the Czar. He was a really great player, his style, like his compositions, romantic and poetic, as if interpreting some beautiful dream, while in the singing quality of his touch, the infinite grace and delicacy of his execution, his emotional expression, he was unrivalled in his day. One might call him the forerunner of Chopin; for not only was it he who invented the *Nocturne*, a form of composition which Chopin out of his own poetic temperament magically developed, but the extreme refinement of expression, and the magnetic charm of Field's playing were recalled to me by the playing of Chopin, as I listened to the famous *Pole* sixteen years later. Field was fifty years of age when I heard him in 1832 at a Philharmonic rehearsal. Many eminent musicians were present, and, owing to the European fame he had won during his long absence from England, they gave him quite an ovation, which his subsequent performance amply justified. Afterwards he dined with us at my father's house, and played exquisitely several of his own compositions, which being things of beauty and no fashion, are among the living classics to-day. In personal appearance Field was rather coarse and awkward looking, and in habit he was a thoroughly intemperate Bohemian; but, as a musician, the poet, the artist, the Celt in him combined to express unmistakably the man of genius. He died at Moscow in 1837.

The most eminent English pianist of those days was Charles Neate, the pupil of John Field and of Woelf, the confidential friend of Beethoven, many of whose works he was the means of introducing to the English musical public. As a performer he was of the classic school of John Cramer, as a teacher he was unrivalled.

It was in 1826 that I became his pupil, and we remained on terms of affectionate friendship until his death in

1877, at the great age of ninety-three. Neate understood and taught as comparatively few teachers and performers of the present time seem to do, the great importance of a system of correct and elegant fingering. His admirable "Essay on Fingering," by the way, he dedicated to me in after years. His intimate personal knowledge of Beethoven and his works was of immense value to his pupils, for we thus imbibed the true traditions of the Master. When I was studying Beethoven's sonatas and concertos with Neate, he would, by practical illustration, show me how their composer himself interpreted them, giving me Beethoven's own *tempi* and ideas of expression. But alas! how few of the true traditions find their way into the modern concert-room; a Beethoven sonata or concerta now travels by express, in accord with the general hurry of the age. Neate did not rush his pupils into the works of Beethoven, as many teachers unwisely do without measuring the intellectual as well as the musical capabilities of their pupils. He gradually prepared them to appreciate the illustrious Master by a long apprenticeship in the more simple schools of pianoforte music. Countless were the talks we had about Beethoven in those early days, and innumerable the anecdotes Neate related of his friend—anecdotes which have now become history, but at that time were intimate *causerie*, with the fascination of the personal link. How well I remember the death of Beethoven in 1827 and the universal grief, but especially the great sorrow of my master for the loss of his friend. The last anecdote of Beethoven Neate ever told me, he told me in his ninety-second year, the last time I ever saw him. He had had it from Beethoven himself, and I repeat it because it was characteristic of that extraordinary genius. "I am writing an opera," said Beethoven. "Fidello?" asked Neate. "No; another opera. I had composed

a song for Herr —" (Neate had forgotten the name, but remembered he was a very distinguished vocalist); "but he did not like the song, and he asked me to write another. I was very angry, but I promised, and I composed a new song. Herr — came for it, tried it over, and took it away apparently pleased. The next day I was as usual writing at my desk when a knock at my door disturbed me. It was Herr — returned to say the song did not suit him. I was furious. I threw myself on the ground, and began to kick about as if I were mad. I would listen to no argument, and vowed never to write another song for him. And when he had gone I told my servant never to admit him again."

At Charles Neate's house in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, I used to meet all the distinguished musicians of those days, and would occasionally play at his memorable quartet parties. I still have a note of invitation from him, dated June, 1830, in which he says, "I shall want pianoforte-players, as I shall only have Hummel, Moscheles, Ries and your humble servant, C. Neate." Imagine hearing intimately in a drawing-room on one and the same occasion four such pianists as the great Johann Nepomuk Hummel, Ignace Moscheles, Charles Neate and Ferdinand Ries, the famous pupil of Beethoven! How clearly his iron moulded face comes back to me!

Mention of Hummel reminds me of the first occasion of my hearing that great pianist and composer. This was at a Philharmonic rehearsal in 1830, when he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the usual select assembly. His previous appearance in London had been, I believe, in 1791-92, but in the meanwhile he had become very famous. I remember going with my father to Hummel's lodgings to purchase tickets for the three concerts he was to give in the great concert-room at the King's Theatre—the programs of those concerts I have treasured to this day.

The master himself opened the door to us, without his coat or cravat—a man of ungainly and slovenly appearance, his face, if I remember rightly, pitted with the smallpox. He was then fifty-two years of age, but his coarse outward appearance was quite at variance with the refinement and elegance of his musical genius. At his first concert on April 29, 1830, he played among other things his beautiful new *MS. Concerto in A flat*, while each concert concluded with an amazing example of improvisation upon a theme noted down at the suggestion of one of the audience, and handed up to the pianist on the platform. I shall never forget Hummel's wonderful interpretation of his incomparable "Septuor" in D minor at the first concert. By the way, Carl Czerny told me in Vienna, in 1838, that when that great composition was first heard in the Austrian capital—in those days a great musical centre—it created such a remarkable sensation by its novelty of construction, its beauty of melody, original harmonies and brilliancy of invention, that men would stop each other in the streets to talk about it as they would about some great national event. Hummel was a pupil of Mozart, and also of Clementi. With ease and tranquil concentrated power, with undeviating accuracy, richness of tone and delicacy of touch, he executed passages in single and double notes and in octaves of enormous technical difficulty. Above all, his playing possessed the indefinable quality of charm. His pianoforte lessons were greatly in demand during his stay in London in 1830, and his terms were from two to three guineas a lesson! So great was the esteem in which Hummel was held in those days by his brother musicians, that I remember Moscheles saying to me in '26, "Whenever I hear the name of Hummel I bow my head."

More than once I have mentioned the Philharmonic rehearsals. These unique functions were held on the Sat-

urday mornings preceding the eight annual subscription concerts, and were attended by the artists engaged, the directors of the Society, of whom there were seven, who took it in turns to conduct the concerts at a remuneration of five guineas, the members and associates, the eminent foreign musicians who happened to be in London, the leading musical critics—Ayrton, Alsager, Hogarth, Chorley, Grünsen, John Parry, senior, and the rest—and a privileged few specially introduced by the directors. I was one of the last-named class until my election as associate in 1837. Among the distinguished visitors in the twenties and thirties, I particularly recall the old Duke of Cambridge, whose *obligato* accompaniment of loud talking was often out of time and tune with the musical performance; Lord Burghersh, afterwards the Earl of Westmorland, a most accomplished musician, who founded the Royal Academy of Music; and tall John Liston, the comedian, whom Charles Lamb has so delightfully immortalized, with his very short wife. "Of all evils he chose the least," they used to say of him.

It was at the rehearsal on May 25, 1827, already referred to as the occasion of my first seeing Clementi, and, I may add, hearing that grand singer of the great Italian school, Madame Pasta, that I saw and heard Franz Liszt for the first time, although he had played in London three years previously. "Young Liszt from Vienna," said Charles Neate to me, as the slim and rather tall boy ascended the steps leading to the platform. "He is only fifteen—a great creature!" His playing of Hummel's concerto created a profound sensation, and my enthusiastic admiration made me eager to know the wonderful young pianist, my senior by a couple of years. Very shortly afterwards—just before Liszt's morning concert, for which my father had purchased tickets from his father—we became acquainted. I visited him and

his father at their lodgings in Frith Street, Soho, and young Liszt came to early family dinner at my home. He was a very charmingly natural and unaffected boy, and I have never forgotten his joyful exclamation, "Oh, gooseberry pie!" when his favorite dish was put upon the table. We had a good deal of music together on that memorable afternoon, reading several duets. Liszt played some of his recently published "Etudes," op. 6, a copy of which he gave me, and in which he wrote specially for me an amended version of the sixth study, "Molto agitato."

In the year '28 I paid a visit to Le jeune Liszt, as he was still called, in his Paris home, where he received me with open arms. Of course I asked him to play to me, but he treated me to such an interminable prelude of scales and five-finger exercises, when I was longing to hear him interpret masterpieces in his own inimitable style, that my patience was sorely taxed. This display, however, was interesting as an example of the manner in which he was ever practising to increase that manual power and digital flexibility which made the piano keys his very slaves, to the admiration of the world. He was still unspoiled by homage and adulation, and I do not remember that he shook himself all over the piano as he did in later days, to please the crowd.

I did not hear Liszt again until his visit to London in 1840, when he puzzled the musical public by announcing "Pianoforte Recitals." This now commonly accepted term had never previously been used, and people asked, "What does he mean? How can any one *recite* upon the pianoforte?" At these recitals Liszt, after performing a piece set down in his program, would leave the platform, and, descending into the body of the room, where the benches were so arranged as to allow

free locomotion, would move about among his auditors and converse with his friends, with the gracious condescension of a prince, until he felt disposed to return to the piano. The manner of the man was very different from that of the charmingly simple boy I remembered in 1827-28; the flattery of the world had apparently not left him untouched, and he had developed many eccentricities and affectations. But as pianist the wonderful boy was father to the wonderful man; his genius had matured, and during that season of 1840 and the following when he again visited England, he performed almost miracles upon his instrument. At the Philharmonic I remember his astounding performance, with his own variations and additions, of Weber's "Concert Stuck," Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" (in association with the famous Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, a very fine player), his own "Marche Hongroise," and Hummel's "Septuor" in D minor. Yet, magnificent as was Liszt's playing, the works of such great masters as Beethoven, Weber and Hummel needed no such embellishments as the pianist introduced. I suppose, however, that these excesses of virtuosity belonged to Liszt's flamboyant personality; his temperament compelled them. He was rarely content with the simple work of art; he must elaborate it and "arrange" it, often indeed to extravagance. Even a fugue of Bach became more complex in his hands.

I attended all Liszt's recitals in those seasons of '40 and '41, and, among other things with which he astounded and enraptured his hearers, I have the most distinct reminiscence of his marvellous pianoforte arrangement—a legitimate one—and performance of Beethoven's A major Symphony; it gave one the impression of being executed by at least four hands instead of two. At this time Liszt's powers as a pian-

ist must have been at their height. The word difficult apparently had no meaning for him; he revelled in the "impossible," seeming to invent unimagined difficulties for the mere pleasure of overcoming them. He could touch the keys with gossamer lightness, or shake the grandest Broadwood or Erard with titanic power. Like all great pianists, he expressed in his playing every mood of his temperament; under his magic touch the piano became, as it were, a passionate human thing.

Great, however, as in their several ways were these famous pianists of whom I have been speaking, my memory holds in dearest affection the incomparable Felix Mendelssohn. Here was a case of artistic attraction such as I have rarely if ever experienced in a like degree. From the very first Mendelssohn realized my ideal of a musician, and although more than seventy years have passed over my head since the memorable occasion of my first seeing him and watching him conduct his own music, I retain the most vivid impression of the enthusiasm he aroused in me, and the personal spell he exercised. It was at the rehearsal for the Philharmonic concert of the 25th of May, 1829; Mendelssohn, just twenty years of age, had but recently arrived in England, and when he appeared among the assembled musicians and privileged notabilities, every one was struck to admiration by his beautiful countenance beaming with intelligence, and his grace and buoyant charm of manner. He made an immediate conquest by his personality and his genius, and when he conducted the performance of his first Symphony in C minor, he was at once recognized as worthy to rank with the great Masters. I shall never forget the overwhelming applause which greeted the wonderful *Scherzo* from his string octette, which for some reason

had been substituted for the minuet and trio originally composed for it; to such a pitch of enthusiasm were the performers excited, that with one accord they clamored to be allowed to repeat it. I was also happy enough to be a witness of that memorable incident at a Philharmonic rehearsal on April 24, 1832, which Mendelssohn himself has so charmingly chronicled in one of his letters. The orchestra had just played through Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, when Mendelssohn, who had been listening in a box, but was not expected that day, appeared in the body of the hall. "There's Mendelssohn," cried some one in the orchestra, and immediately the instrumentalists gave him an extraordinary ovation, shouting, clapping hands and beating the backs of violins for some minutes. It was a superb welcome; one glad emotion seemed to thrill the assembly, and Mendelssohn, pleasantly embarrassed at first, beamed with happiness as he mounted the platform and spoke a few words of gratitude. "Never can I forget it," he wrote a few days afterwards, "for it was more precious to me than any distinction, as it showed me that the musicians loved me, and rejoiced at my coming, and I cannot tell you what a glad feeling this was." Something to this effect, I remember was his impromptu little speech on this occasion.

At the rehearsal of a later concert in that season of 1832 I first heard Mendelssohn as a pianist—the first time, in fact, that he was heard in public in this country. He gave a superb performance of his then recently written Concerto in G minor, and stirred and fascinated his hearers by his impassioned and exquisite playing, as well as by the extreme beauty of the work itself. Soon afterwards I was privileged to hear Mendelssohn play part of this Concerto in private. This was at one of Charles Neate's

quartet parties on a summer afternoon. It was an unusually numerous gathering, including several of the most distinguished foreign and native musicians then in London. Moscheles was there, I remember, and John Field; Cipriani Potter, the celebrated and much admired pianist and composer, who in that year succeeded Dr. Crotch, my old harmony-master, as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; also Neate's crony and angling companion, George Eugene Griffin, another esteemed English pianist and composer of the good old school, whose Concerto, played by every one in those days, was then perhaps the most financially profitable composition of that class yet published. Above all, there was Mendelssohn. I forget who was the leader of the quartet on that occasion—I only remember that the versatile Mendelssohn played the viola, and Neate the violoncello, on which he was almost as excellent a performer as on the piano-forte. I can see Mendelssohn before me now, fiddling with keen enjoyment. After the quartet he was begged to play part of his G minor Concerto, which, since its triumph at the Philharmonic, had been the musical topic of the hour. He acquiesced with his usual amiability and at once sat down to the piano. I remember standing close behind him, all eyes and ears for my musical hero. In that sympathetic company he played like one inspired, and simply electrified all present. He was overwhelmed with applause and congratulations. I was almost breathless with excitement. It thrills me even now as I recall the incident. Almost seventy years ago! I heard Mendelssohn play his Concerto once again in public that same season, at the Philharmonic, and I am proud to say that I was the first, after the composer himself, to perform this immortal work. It was at the first of my series of annual orchestral concerts on May

30, 1833, and as the band parts were not yet printed Cramer lent me the MSS. which had been used at the Philharmonic. I remember Moscheles came to hear it.

That year was also specially memorable to me for the beginning of my acquaintance with Mendelssohn, whom of course I was longing to know personally. It was at the Philharmonic, and he had just finished playing Mozart's Concerto in D minor, into which he introduced his own impromptu cadences, conceived with fine taste and sympathy, splendid invention and masterly skill. I was still spellbound by the inexpressible charm of the pianist, when that fine old musician, Thomas Attwood, the favorite pupil of Mozart, and organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, knowing my intense admiration for Mendelssohn, led me up to the Master, and presented me to him as the young pianist who was, in a few days from then, to perform his G minor Concerto. The simple charm and easy cordiality of his manner, his graceful modesty in face of my obvious homage, quite captivated me. Shortly after this I had a very agreeable surprise. Sometimes Neate and I would play duets for pianoforte and 'cello, and one evening at his house, after playing Beethoven's Sonatas in G minor and F, Neate, saying, "Now for a contrast!" took up a concertante duo by Bochsá and Dupont, a light but elegant thing, and suggested that we should run through it. We were in the midst of it, without much enthusiasm, when we were startled by a loud double knock. "A visitor," cried Neate, "who can it be?" The door opened, "Mr. Mendelssohn," said the servant. "Oh, he mustn't find us playing such music," said my old master, as he flung the copies into a corner. Mendelssohn's entrance brought charm at once into the room. He seemed pleased with Neate's hearty welcome, laughed

over his confession about the Bochsá music, and was soon at home with us, chatting familiarly on a variety of subjects, of both passing and enduring interest. How delightful was his talk, whatever the topic, how animated his manner, how fascinating his smile as the playful mood danced over the earnest thought! He seemed to understand everything, and to feel rightly about everything, to be so wise in his enjoyment of life. We had no music during the hour or so that Mendelssohn remained with us. His talk had melodies of its own.

It was not till the year 1842 that I again saw and heard Mendelssohn. Hitherto he had conducted only his own works at the Philharmonic, but this season, at the seventh concert I think it was, he appeared for the first time as conductor of an entire concert. That occasion was specially memorable for the first performance of his Symphony in A minor—the famous "Scotch Symphony." There was an unusually brilliant audience, and when Mendelssohn took his place at the conductor's desk that evening, he was accorded a welcome such as a victorious general, even the Duke of Wellington himself, who was present, might have been proud of, while the enthusiasm after the Symphony was immense. I was at both the rehearsal and the concert, and, sitting in my usual place on a side bench near the orchestra, was able to observe the expression of Mendelssohn's face, constantly changing, according to the manner in which the orchestra satisfied him in the interpretation of his work. His face was always a study when he was conducting, it reflected so perfectly the play of his emotions. Mendelssohn was a wonderful conductor—the joyous magnetism of his nature seemed to hold the orchestra in thrall. He inspired such confidence, he could do absolutely what he liked with it, making it play

as perhaps no orchestra had ever played before. At rehearsals he would take infinite pains to make the performers at one with him in the interpretation of a work. He flashed his intelligence like a search-light over the orchestra, and so acutely sensitive was his ear that often he would have a passage repeated again and again when to the expert ear it seemed already perfect. He could be content with nothing less than his own ideal of perfection. Perhaps the violins did not entirely satisfy him in their shading of a passage, after several repetitions; then he would leave his place and go to Mori and Spagnoletti or François Cramer and Welchsel at their desks and discuss the passage animatedly with them; and so to Nicholson or Willman, if the flutes or clarionets fell short of his ideal by the breath of a tone; or to Mariotti, who led the trombones, or to Platt, the horn leader, or Harper, the trumpeter, or Sherrington, leading the violins, or Grattan Cooke, the irrepressibly facetious, who, in his pathetic oboe's intervals of rest, would dash off funny caricatures. With Cooke, Mendelssohn, who loved fun, would occasionally relax his artistic earnestness to exchange witticisms, but he could be very sarcastic when he chose. Towards the veterans Lindley and Dragonetti, the Damon and Pythias of the concert-world, however, he invariably showed a tactful deference, even when at issue with them, which was seldom, for they were great artists. What a superb body of instrumentalists was the Philharmonic orchestra of those days! It was unique then, and I doubt if it has been surpassed, if equalled. One instance of Mendelssohn's extraordinary power over the orchestra I particularly recall. He was conducting a rehearsal of Weber's Jubilee Overture, and had, perhaps intentionally, allowed the players to lapse into comparative tameness.

Suddenly, as if by magic, with amazing energy, he seemed to inspire them with his own awakened enthusiasm, so that, roused to a pitch of artistic excitement, they played with such accumulating vigor and brilliancy, and such a unity of effect, that we in the auditorium, quite electrified, having risen at the National Anthem, with which the overture concludes, instead of resuming our seats, remained standing and applauding for some minutes. This was in 1844, a very memorable Mendelssohn year. Most interesting to me also in that year was the Master's rehearsal of his "Erste Walpurgis Nacht," which I heard also on its first public performance at the concert. At the rehearsal, however, I felt on more intimate terms with that great work, for there was Mendelssohn interpolating his directions and suggestions to the performers; and I shall never forget how the musicians themselves applauded the almost whispered chorus, "Disperse, ye gallant men," and the tremendous chorus, "Come with torches brightly flashing." How we all congratulated Mendelssohn, and how unaffectedly he showed his pleasure!

One other memory of Mendelssohn as a conductor. It was at the fifth concert of the season 1844, the same at which we heard for the first time the hitherto unperformed portions of the exquisite "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Mendelssohn was conducting a performance of Beethoven's violin concerto, and the violinist was Joseph Joachim, then a wonderful boy of thirteen, making his first important appearance in the concert world of London. During that marvellous display of youthful genius Mendelssohn's countenance was a joy to watch. Where I was sitting I could note his frequent bright smiles of approval; and among my musical memories no incident is more fragrant than that of the

immortal Mendelssohn patting on his back and shaking heartily by the hand the boy Joachim, who was to become the master violinist of his age.

But to return to Mendelssohn as a pianist. I remember vividly his playing his own D minor Concerto at the Philharmonic on June 21, 1842, when also he conducted his "Hebrides" overture. He played the lovely slow movement with intense passion, and the joyous rondo with fairy-like lightness and rapidity, but with unerring accuracy. The applause which followed was extraordinary; Mendelssohn himself has described how "they clapped their hands and stamped for at least ten minutes." It was an exceptional privilege to hear Mendelssohn interpret Beethoven. I remember his playing Beethoven's Concerto in G with an impromptu cadence which he varied each of the three or four times that he tried it over with the orchestra at the rehearsal, so inexhaustible was his improvisation.

A more reverential, sympathetic and conservative reading of the older master's text I have never heard, while at the same time the interpretation was unmistakably individual—Mendelssohn's, and no possible other's! His touch was exquisitely delicate, and the fairy fancies of his "Midsummer Night's Dream" music seemed ever to haunt him in his playing, lending it a magic charm. His "Lieder ohne Worte" (the first edition of which, published at his own expense, I still treasure) were rightly named, for, as he played them, those beautiful pieces were veritable songs that his fingers sang as they rippled over the keyboard. He never invented passages for the purpose of developing technical difficulties, although his own manual agility was remarkable. His fugue playing was strictly classical, and based on Bach; his handling of octave passages was magnificent, and, as I

have said, his power of improvisation boundless. To exemplify this I recall an interesting incident at a morning concert, given in June, 1844, in honor of that gifted and most pathetic of famous violinists, Heinrich Ernst. Bach's triple Concerto in D minor was played by Moscheles, Thalberg and Mendelssohn—what a trio of giants! and each performer was to play an impromptu cadence. Moscheles, a famous improvisatore, led off with a fine cadence. Thalberg followed with perhaps even more brilliant effect. Then Mendelssohn, who had been leaning listlessly over the back of his chair while the others were playing, quietly began his cadence, taking up the threads from the subjects of the Concerto; then suddenly rousing himself he wound up with a wonderful shower of octaves, indescribable in effect, and never to be forgotten. The audience was so excited that the applause at the end was all for Mendelssohn. At Ernst's second concert in July, the Concerto was repeated, but Thalberg's place was taken by another pianist eminent in those days, Theodor Döhler, a pupil of Czerny, and a brilliant follower of Thalberg. After Moscheles and Döhler had played their cadences, we expected a repetition of Mendelssohn's amazing performance at the previous concert. But it was not to be. When the pause came he played a simple shake in the dominant, and concluded with a few chords.

The last time I met Mendelssohn was in 1844, at a conversazione of the British and Foreign Institute, when I enjoyed a pleasant chat with him. We had hoped that he would play that evening, but, unfortunately, dear old Silk Buckingham, the traveler and first editor of the "Athenæum," who had founded the Institute, was, according to his wont, filling up the time with one of his interesting but long-winded extempore discourses, and nobody had

the courage to interrupt him; so Mendelssohn, who had other engagements that evening, good-humoredly waited as long as he could, and then left, begging me to make his apologies. Naturally the company was disappointed when it heard that Mendelssohn had

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come and gone while Silk Buckingham would "still be talking." The next time Mendelssohn was in London I was in Italy, and in that year, 1847, he died. And nowadays my memories of Felix Mendelssohn help with their fragrance to sweeten my old age.

(To be concluded.)

FRANCESCO CRISPI.

With the life of Francesco Crispi a great flame of patriotism has gone out. Like Bismarck, he belonged to history from the moment of his retirement from active political life; like Bismarck, too, his age made him, as it were, the sole survivor of a time already legendary. Amidst the hurrying movements of a new generation his white head, his striking features, still reflecting his former vigor, stood out like an ancient monument against a modern background. The enthusiasms and the battles of the Italian revolution, the epic exploits of the red-shirted Thousand, the Sun of victory that glowed in the days of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi from Calatafimi to Rome, are, for the new generation, but historical episodes, erect among the memories of which stood the figure of Crispi—a revolutionary who had outlived the revolution, an ardent Jacobin transformed into the most faithful of monarchical premiers, and an indomitable patriot, the intensity of whose love for Italy neither disappointment nor persecution, but death alone, could vanquish.

In Italy, the country of enthusiasm, the death of Crispi will let loose from the throats of my countrymen sonorous anthems of praise; the heart of the Italian people softens and glows

before an event which touches the fatherland in the person of one of its most popular heroes. A southern populace exalts and abases its idols with childish facility; nor is it amid the emotion caused by an open tomb that the true note will be struck.

What did the crowd know of Francesco Crispi? Men like him, built on large lines and characterized by striking gestures and great phrases, resemble famous actors; they are forever imagined as tricked out in the costumes of their chief rôles; few know them as they are in the intimacy of their inner life. Crispi possessed the characteristic of not resembling, either as a statesman or a thinker, any of his contemporaries, but in having a strongly-marked personality all his own. His, in strong degree, were the sentiments inborn in every Sicilian—ardor, anger and faith. The period of exile in London taught him the measure and the perils of his fiery nature; he said that in England he learned to restrain his rebellious spirit, and to appreciate the strength of that calm which renders the English people the fittest for freedom and for social duty. If, during his public life, he sometimes fell short of this ideal, he ever remembered its salutary efficacy. For England, who sheltered him at one of

the most difficult moments of his life, Crispi, both as conspirator and as statesman, cherished a special affection and regard. Often, in his speeches, he cited her example; he knew her men and her history; to English public opinion he dedicated the most important of his mature political writings; and, as a statesman, he worked unceasingly to consolidate that bond of sympathy which has united England and Italy from the very outset of our national *Risorgimento*.

Crispi, I have said, possessed faith, many called it fatalism; but any one who knew him well, knew also that it was faith indeed. I do not refer to his unshaken religious belief, but to his profound feeling of trust in himself, in his ideas and in his actions. To many this trust seemed pride, presumptuous or puerile; whatever it may have been, it cannot be judged as an ordinary sentiment. He was *made* thus; he never hesitated; whatever arose spontaneously in his brain he said and did, convinced of its goodness because it was his and not another's. Heroic language and heroic attitudes formed part of his very nature. Crispi was not a man who wished for, or who required an effort to assume, a dominating attitude; he felt himself a ruler.

Such jealousy of his own individual worth was one of the chief aspects of his untamable character, born of a self-esteem too sincere to be called haughtiness and too high to be classed as vanity. Petruccelli della Gattina, a literary man, sometime a revolutionary, mentions in his "Morti del Palazzo Carignano" that, meeting Crispi at Turin one day, he asked: "Are you a Mazzinian?" "No," replied Crispi. "Are you a Garibaldian?" "Not that either." "What are you then?" "I am Francesco Crispi." In this reply there

was the whole man without ostentation.

Crispi's "fatalism" was only a consequence of his faith in himself. As a statesman he was guided more by instinct than by reflection. He was more vigorous than methodical, more able than experienced. The perplexities which torment so many contemporary politicians were unknown to him. Though Italian he was not Machiavellian, nor was he more of a diplomatist than was indispensable in a Premier. Ambassadors learned to trust his word more than the written declarations of other Italian Ministers. Once, during the approach of the moment for renewing that Triple Alliance for which he worked so indefatigably, but which Parliamentary vicissitudes caused to be renewed by the Marquis di Rudini, Italy was engaged in particularly delicate negotiations with Berlin. At a reception in Crispi's house, attended by a number of diplomatists, Crispi blocked the French Ambassador, M. Billot, in a corner of a room and began with him an apparently interesting and animated conversation, which lasted three-quarters of an hour. In reality the conversation concerned matters of trivial importance, M. Billot having to reply, with manifest anxiety, to Crispi's rapid questions. The prolonged conversation troubled the German Ambassador, who kept coming and going, and who, when M. Billot was finally released from his uncomfortable situation said to him, with a suspicious smile: "Cher collègue, vous venez d'avoir avec le Président du Conseil un entretien qui aurait suffi pour conclure un traité d'alliance!" The news of the conversation was telegraphed the same evening to Berlin.

Incidents like this were rare in Crispi's life. Both as Deputy and as Minister, he disdained the lobby intrigues and the Parliamentary alchemy which

¹ The Palazzo Carignano was the seat of the Subalpine Parliament at Turin.

are now the essence of Italian Parliamentarism, and are regarded as the highest test of political skill. Until incapacitated by age and infirmity, Crispi took an active part in the work of the Chamber, but he was always to be found in the house itself, never in the lobbies where plots are hatched. Indeed, he was never eager for power. When called by the King to govern the country, he answered to what he believed the call of duty, persuaded that government was his natural function; but he never sought office; and the idea of sacrificing his own views for the sake of power would have excited his disdain. Victor or vanquished, he never, except in one instance, modified an iota of his program; and, as far as in him lay, he kept his promises. Constancy such as this has its value in a country where politicians frequently renounce their past and expose themselves to public contempt for the sake of a portfolio. The one change in Crispi's political views was his breach with Mazzini and his acceptance of the monarchy. But this was the fruit of mature conviction, and brought him no political advantage for nearly fourteen years. From the day when he entered the monarchical camp he remained tenaciously faithful to his new belief, nor was there, throughout his after life, a single moment of doubt or vacillation. To his ideal, right or wrong, Crispi devoted himself entirely, with a straightforwardness and a loyalty well defined by Bismarck, who called him: "A man of trusty dealings."

When, after his last term of office, a tempest of ignoble passions broke over his aged head, and when, in the war waged against him by the Radical Leader, Cavallotti, he was made a butt for the most shameful accusations, he maintained a scornful silence. In his inmost heart he suffered deeply, but none of those who stood by him in those troublous days ever heard him

utter a menacing or revengeful word. Outwardly, he remained unabashed. Once before he had faced an equally ferocious onset of public opinion—in 1878, when, under a charge of bigamy, he resigned the portfolio of the Interior. While awaiting the sentence (of acquittal) he went every day to the Chamber, defying the accusers, who believed him annihilated, took part in the debates, and never abandoned his post of combat. Then his physical strength saved him; but, in the time of the later battle his fibre had been weakened by manifold public and private sorrows.

Those who accused Crispi of dishonesty never knew, or preferred to ignore, his private life. He lived, especially while in power, wrapt in a continual mantle of thought, beyond which the common things of life never penetrated. One of his most intimate friends truly said of him:

For Crispi, the daily prose of life does not exist. You tell him that it is time for dinner, and he takes his seat at table, shows himself courteous, witty and eats with a good appetite; or else he is distraught, absorbed, sees no one, eats nothing. Had he not been reminded that it was time for dinner, he would not have thought of it until compelled by hunger. If you travel with him and go to an hotel you must look after him like a child. You tell him that guests have been invited, and he receives them. Some one pays the bill with his money; he takes no thought of such miserable matters, and never asks if, how, or by whom the bill has been paid. Garibaldi, too, was like that.

You might rob Crispi without his noticing it; commit a fraud in his name and he would never know. When he trusted any one, rightly or wrongly, it was a whole-hearted trust, without restrictions or doubts. This explains how, at times, he may have been deceived and have placed excessive con-

fidence in unworthy individuals. Crispi, who as a young man during exile, suffered privations of all sorts, beginning with that of hunger, and who, by constant work as an advocate, afterwards made for himself a lucrative position, died with a less than modest fortune—strong evidence of his honesty. During his life, so full of struggle, he was, on account of the honest intransigence of his character, made the object

*d'inestinguibil odio
e d'indomato amor*

He had implacable enemies, but around him there flourished also examples of admirable devotion. It is pleasant to record that those who loved him best sought nothing from him, even when honors and appointments were at his disposal. Journalists, who might have become Councillors of State, returned, after his fall, to defend him in their journals; professional men, having been *Chef-de-Cabinet* of the Premier, quietly resumed their daily work instead of claiming a prefecture.

Crispi had great virtues and great faults. At times he allowed himself to be carried away by anger, but he was never revengeful; against adversity he was as granite, but was equally refractory to ideas and systems not his own; his faith in himself was sincere but unbounded. Averse from discussion and counsel, he was reputed foolhardy; but often his audacity was a sign of his strength. He called himself a megalomane, but none had a nobler conception than he of the destiny of his country. Italy, he held, should resume the glorious traditions of yore. A French biographer, M. Narjoux, says that when Crispi uttered the phrase: *Civis Romanus sum*, he touched the most sensitive chord of the people. Nor must this attitude be condemned as arrogance—which it would have

been in a smaller man—for Crispi knew how to inspire the crowd with something of his own faith, and could brace up the apathetic Italian spirit to something like his own energy.

Once, when he was Foreign Minister, a secretary observed to him that his predecessors had been wont to accompany foreign diplomatists to the door of the antechamber, whereas he took leave of them at the threshold of his Cabinet. "I am not Crispi, but Italy," returned Crispi—a phrase which, in the mouth of another, would have excited derision, but which, upon his lips, was sincere and spontaneous.

Unlike his predecessors, Crispi made of Italian diplomacy a living thing. Depretis had considered foreign policy a secondary matter; Mancini, though founder of a new school of International Law, failed to rouse diplomacy from its lethargy. This supineness deprived Italy of all serious influence in the councils of Europe, and yielded manifold disappointments, such as the treaty of Berlin and the occupation of Tunis. Crispi, during his journeys abroad, had learned to know the men, the affairs and the aspirations of the Great Powers. Thus prepared, a man of action and of uncommon energy, he reasserted the claims of Italy in the European Concert, and secured for her the respect due to a great nation. Before his advent the Triple Alliance seemed to make of Italy a tool of Austria and Germany. The personal friendship between Crispi and Bismarck raised Italy from this low estate. He was accused of exclusivism and of incapacity to conceive any combination other than the Triple Alliance; but it must not be forgotten that, in the situation then existing, the Triple Alliance seemed, from the Italian point of view, the most perfect system of political equilibrium, the counterpart and complement of the alliance with England.

Juster, perhaps, was the accusation of having sacrificed to an ideal purely political some of the principles of political economy. Italy might have taken fuller advantage of her new alliances in the economic field. But when Crispi succeeded to Depretis, the country was less prepared than now for the formidable struggle in international markets; her economic growth and progress, so remarkable to-day, are phenomena of very recent date. Nevertheless Crispi's policy in regard to the revival of the Italian schools in the Levant, where *lingua franca* once signified the language of Venice, Genoa or Pisa, proves him to have been by no means blind to the importance of Italian trade with the East. Similar attention he bestowed upon the development of the Italian colonies in South America. The name of Italy was never so much respected, from the constitution of the kingdom onwards, as when entrusted to the keeping of his powerful hands.

His successors inaugurated the present system of rigid economy. An ex-Minister, Maggiorino Ferraris, who recently placed before the English public a comparison of the two systems, did not venture to condemn that of Crispi, but explained that each system corresponded to a need of the moment. In this connection I may mention an unknown episode, which bears upon a burning question of the present Italian Colonial policy—an enquiry ordered by Crispi into the condition of Tripoli. He was wont to say that it yielded given results of exceptional importance to Italy. He was especially anxious concerning the existence of rich sulphur deposits in Tripoli, being convinced that the day when any foreign Power should succeed in exploiting Tripolitan sulphur with Arab labor, ruin and revolution would be inevitable in Sicily. This instance should serve as a lesson to Italians, showing

them the clearness of Crispi's vision and the importance which he attached to the idea of not remaining refractory to the modern spirit of expansion.

The hostility of the French towards Crispi, and the accusation of Gallophobia were due chiefly to ignorance of his real feelings, and to the fact that circumstances compelled him to assume towards France an attitude so firm as to make a conflict seem imminent. But in his heart of hearts, the revolutionary and the Jacobin in Crispi kept alive a sincere sympathy for France and Paris, which, like London, had sheltered him in the days of exile. Crispi's temperament, notwithstanding his friendship for the grand old man of Friedrichsruhe, was too Latin to permit him to hate his Transalpine brethren. But Italy held the first place. She was the object of his civic religion, his supreme ideal; for the dignity and honor of Italy he forgot all else.

Circumstances never compelled him to forget his affection for England. His veneration for Gladstone is well known, as are also his efforts to ally the policy of the two nations wherever possible. All remember his fervid telegrams from London, and his pressing exhortations to the Italian Government to join in the expedition against Arabi Pasha. Italy repented afterwards of the sterile prudence of that refusal.

But his greatest ideal and most stupendous task was the realization of the dream of an African Empire—a dream which he shared with King Humbert, who, like Crispi, died leaving much of his mind and his work hidden from his people. The first sovereign crowned after Italy had been united by the tenacity of his ancestors, heir of Victor Emmanuel, who had fulfilled in Rome the prophecy of Dante, King Humbert burned with desire that his reign might be marked by an enter-

prise worthy of reunited Italy. Lacking neither strength nor courage, King Humbert, despite his modest appearance, was a true descendant of a race ever characterized by personal ardor and self-sacrifice. In Crispi he found his man. An African Empire whereon to plant the tricolor; the renewal of the Rome of the Scipios; the creation of a new school of discipline and victory for new generations, was a vision which quickened the pulse both of King and of Minister. The fates dispelled the vision; Adowah sent throbs of proud sorrow through the hearts of both when they saw their dream shattered and misunderstood. During the panic which seized the impressionable Italian people, no voice was raised to show the grandeur of the Royal conception. To the King remained the secret bitterness; to the Minister, the unjust accusations and the taunts of the weak and the mediocre; ever implacable against the fallen strong. From Adowah dates the old age of Crispi. Harassed by those upon whose neck he had placed his heel, he once more shut himself up in a disdainful silence. Afterwards, with time, peace returned. A wave of respect and ap-

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plause greeted his jubilee at Palermo. Crispi was henceforth regarded by his friends with devotion, as a symbol of patriotism idealized by age; and by his enemies without rancor, since his power to crush them was gone.

In this peace he died, after having once more, at the beginning of the death struggle, offered his devotion to the memory of the King, whom he loved so truly, and whose magnanimity he alone had fully realized. On the anniversary of King Humbert's assassination he roused himself to telegraph to the Mayor of Rome: "My heart is on the tomb of Humbert"—the last thought of an unbroken fidelity.

His death destroys Mazzini's prediction that Crispi "would be the last Minister of the Monarchy." Crispi is dead, and a new reign is dawning. Whether he was a great statesman or no, we may not judge while his tomb is still open. Statesman he was, in the Homeric sense of "pastor of the people." Certainly he was a political Titan; and Italy, who has seen so many strong sons die willingly for her, was loved by none with purer or higher devotion.

Paolo d'Albano.

GERMELSHAUSEN.*

BY FRIEDERICH GERSTÄCKER.

(Concluded.)

II.

The pair hastened rapidly back to the village, where already an entirely different life from that of the morning prevailed. In every direction were to be seen laughing groups of young people; the girls were all attired for the feast and the young men, too, had on their best clothes, and on the inn as

they went by they saw wreaths of leaves hanging from one window to the other, and festooned to form a broad triumphal arch over the door.

Arnold, who saw that everybody was wearing their best, was loth to mingle with the revellers in his travelling clothes, accordingly he unstrapped his knapsack in the justice's house, took out his best suit, and had just completed his toilet, when Gertrude

* Translated for the *Living Age* by Hasket Derby.

knocked at the door and summoned him. And how strangely beautiful did the maiden look in her simple and yet rich attire, and how warmly did she beg him to accompany her, as her father and mother were to follow later.

The longing for her Heinrich cannot weigh on her heart very heavily, thought the young man indeed, as he drew her arm through his own and trudged on with her to the dance-hall through the fast gathering twilight; but he took good care not to clothe such thoughts in words, for a strange and singular feeling thrilled his breast, and his own heart beat tumultuously, as he felt the girl's throbbing against his arm.

"And to-morrow I must be off again," he sighed gently to himself. But without his having intended it, the words had reached his companion's ears, and she said, smiling:

"Give yourself no concern about that—we shall be together longer—longer, perhaps, than you will like."

"And would you be glad, Gertrude, if I remained with you?" questioned Arnold, and he felt the while how the blood flooded his forehead and temples.

"Of course," said the young girl simply, "you are good and kind—my father likes you, I am sure, and—Heinrich did not come!" she added softly, and as in a tone of reproach.

"And suppose he came, to-morrow?"

"To-morrow?" said Gertrude, and gazed earnestly at him from her great dark eyes, "ere that comes is a long—long night. *To-morrow!* you will know to-morrow what the word means. But don't let us talk of that to-day," she said, breaking off shortly and cheerily, "to-day is the joyous feast, that we have looked forward to so long, so very, very, long, and we will not darken that with gloomy thoughts. And here, too, we are at the place—the lads will open their eyes at

seeing me bring a new dancer with me."

Arnold was about to make her some reply to this, but the burst of music that resounded from within drowned his words. Strange tunes were those the musicians played—he knew not a single one of them, and at first was almost blinded by the radiance of the many lights that shone on his gaze. But still Gertrude led him to the middle of the hall, where a group of young peasant girls were standing together chattering. There first she left him alone, in order to give him a chance to look around a little before the dancing really began, and to make the acquaintance of the other young men.

Arnold felt in the first few moments somewhat uncomfortable among the many strangers, moreover, the unfamiliar dress and manner of speech of the people repelled him, and musical as these hard, unaccustomed tones sounded when coming from Gertrude's lips, so harsh did they seem in proportion when they came from those of others. But the young men were all very cordial towards him, and one of them came up to him, took him by the hand and said:

"You show your good sense, sir, in staying with us—we have a jolly time, and the interval passes quickly enough."

"What interval?" asked Arnold, less in astonishment at the expression, than that the young man should be so clearly convinced he was about to make his home in the village. "Do you mean that I am coming back here?"

"Do you mean to go away again?" quickly inquired the young peasant.

"To-morrow, yes, or day after to-morrow, but I shall come back again."

"To-morrow, indeed?" said the fellow with a laugh; "well that is all right—we will talk over that *to-morrow*. Now, come and let me show you how

we amuse ourselves, for if you are bound to be off *to-morrow*, you might end by losing your chance."

The others laughed together mysteriously, but the young peasant took Arnold by the hand and conducted him around the entire house, which fairly swarmed with merry revellers. First they passed through rooms in which people sat at cards with large piles of money before them, then they came into a bowling alley, all paved with shining stones. In a third room a game of hoops and other similar ones were going on, and the young girls ran in and out laughing and singing, and teased the young men, till of a sudden the musicians, who had been merrily playing the while, executed a flourish, as a sign that the dance was to begin, and Gertrude now stood at Arnold's side and took him by the arm.

"Come, it will not do for us to be the last," said the beautiful girl, "for as the daughter of the justice, I have to open the ball."

"But what kind of a strange air is that?" said Arnold, "I cannot get the hang of it at all."

"You will have no trouble," smiled Gertrude, "at the end of five minutes you will be all right, it is easier than you think."

Amid loud exclamations of joy all, except the card players, crowded towards the dance hall, and Arnold soon forgot all else, in the blissful sensation of holding the strangely beautiful maiden in his arms.

Again and again did he dance with Gertrude, and no one seemed to dispute him her possession, albeit the other girls often teased them as they flew by. One thing only attracted his attention and disturbed him; hard by the inn stood the old church, and in the hall one could easily hear the sharp, discordant strokes of the cracked bell. But at its first stroke it seemed as though the wand of a

magician had touched the dancers. The music stopped in the middle of a bar, the gaily undulating crowd stood as if spell-bound in their places, still and motionless, and all silently counted the single slow strokes. As soon, however, as the last had died away, the liveliness and noise returned. Thus it was at eight, thus at nine, and thus at ten, and as Arnold was on the point of inquiring the reason of this strange behavior, Gertrude laid her finger on her lips, and looked the while so sad and serious, that he would not for the world have added to her trouble.

At ten a pause in the dancing took place, and the band, which must have had lungs of iron, marched in front of the young people into the refreshment room. Here they had a gay time, wine flowed like water, and Arnold, who had to do his share like the rest, made a silent calculation of the hole this extravagant evening would leave in his scantily furnished pocket. But Gertrude sat by him and drank from the same glass, and how was it possible for him to indulge in such cares! Supposing that her Heinrich came on the morrow?

The first stroke of eleven resounded, and the loud mirth of the carousers again was stilled, again there was this breathless listening to the slow strokes. A strange shudder overcame him; he himself knew not why, and in his heart he thought on his mother at home. Slowly he raised his glass and drank to his dear ones, far away.

But at the eleventh stroke the guests sprang up from the tables; the dance was about to begin anew, and all hastened back to the hall.

"To whom did you drink last?" asked Gertrude, as she again passed her arm through his own.

"To my mother."

Gertrude answered him not a word and went up the stairs again with him in silence—but she laughed no more,

and before they entered on the dance again she asked him:

"Do you love your mother so much?"

"More than my life."

"And she you?"

"Does not a mother love her child?"

"And if you never came home to her again?"

"Poor mother," said Arnold, "her heart would break."

"There, the dancing is beginning again," cried Gertrude quickly, "come, we must not lose another moment!"

And wilder than ever began the dance; the young men, heated by the strong wine, clamored and cheered and shrieked, and a noise arose that threatened to drown the music. Arnold began to feel less comfortable in the confusion, and Gertrude, too, had grown silent and serious. But the merriment of the rest seemed to increase, and at one of the intervals the justice came up to them, clapped the young man heartily on the shoulder and said with a laugh:

"That is right, sir painter, swing your legs cheerily this evening; we have time enough to rest in. Why, Gertie, why have you put on such a serious face?—that at to-day's dance? Hurrah—there they go again! Now I must hunt up my old woman to dance the last dance with. Take your places; the band is blowing up its cheeks again!" and with a whoop he made his way through the crowd of merry revellers.

Arnold passed his arm around Gertrude for the new dance, then of a sudden she freed herself from him, seized his arm and softly whispered:

"Come!"

Arnold had no time to inquire of her whither, for she glided away from between his hands towards the door of the hall.

"Whither away, Gertie?" inquired a couple of her friends.

"I shall be back in a moment," was

the brief response, and a few seconds later she stood with Arnold outside, in the fresh night air in front of the house.

"Where do you want to go, Gertrude?"

"Come!" Again she seized him by the arm and led him through the village, past her father's house, into which she sprang and returned with a small bundle.

"What are you about?" asked Arnold aghast.

"Come!" was her sole reply, and past the houses she sped with him, until they had left the outer wall of the village behind them. Thus far they had kept on the broad, firm and hard street; but now Gertrude turned off to the left of the road and mounted a little, low hill, from which the brightly lighted windows and doors of the inn were plainly to be seen. Here she stood still, put out her hand to Arnold and said in a tone of emotion:

"Greet your mother from me—farewell."

"Gertrude," cried Arnold, as astonished as he was overwhelmed, "would you send me away from you so in the middle of the night? Have I said a single word that has hurt you?"

"No, Arnold," said the maiden, addressing him for the first time by his name, "just—just because I love you, must you away."

"But I will not let you go back alone into the village in the dark," entreated Arnold; "maiden, you know not how deeply I love you, how in a few brief hours you have entirely won my heart. You know not—"

"Say no more," said Gertrude, quickly interrupting him. "We will not say good-bye. When the clock has struck twelve—and it will be in about ten minutes—then come back to the door of the inn. I will be waiting there for you."

"And till then—"

"Do you stay here on this spot. Promise me that you will not stir a step to the right or left till the clock has *finished* striking twelve."

"I promise it, Gertrude, but then—"

"Then come," said the girl, gave him her hand in farewell and was hurrying away.

"Gertrude!" cried Arnold in a tone of pained entreaty.

Gertrude stood still an instant as though hesitating, then of a sudden turned towards him, threw her arms around his neck, and Arnold felt the ice-cold lips of the beautiful maiden glued against his own. It was but for an instant, the next moment she had torn herself away and was flying toward the village, and Arnold, utterly confounded at her strange behavior, but mindful of his promise, remained fixed to the spot where she had left him.

He now first became aware how great a change had taken place in the weather within a few hours. The wind howled through the trees, the sky was covered with dense, scurrying clouds, and a few single, large rain drops betokened an approaching storm.

Through the dark night the lights of the inn shone brightly, and when a blast of wind came from that direction, he could by fits and starts hear the noisy clangor of the instruments, but not for long. He had stood in his place but a few minutes, when the old bell in the church tower commenced to strike—at the same instant the music died down or else was deadened by the howling tempest, which swept over the height with such violence that Arnold had to crouch down to the ground in order to keep his balance.

Before him on the ground he felt the packet which Gertrude had brought out of the house, his own knapsack and portfolio, and he rose up again in consternation. The clock had finished striking, the gale was passing away,

but nowhere in the village could he discover a trace of light. The dogs, who but a moment before had been basking and howling, were still, and dense, damp mist rose from out the ground.

"The time is up," murmured Arnold to himself, as he adjusted his knapsack to his shoulders, "and I *must* see Gertrude once more, for I *cannot* part from her thus. The dance is over—the dancers will be going home, and if the justice will not put me up over night, I will stop at the inn—besides, I could not find my way through the forest in the dark."

Carefully he descended the little hill, which he had climbed with Gertrude, seeking for the broad, white road which led into the village, but in vain did he feel round for it among the bushes below. The ground was soft and swampy, with his thin boots he sank in above his ankles, and everywhere he encountered dense alder thickets where he supposed the solid road to be. Then, too, he could not have crossed it in the darkness, he *must* feel it when he stepped upon it, and he knew besides that the outer wall of the village crossed it obliquely—he *could* not miss this. But in vain did he in anxious haste look for it; the ground grew softer and swamplier, the farther he went; the underbrush more dense and everywhere studded with thorns, which tore his clothes and covered his hands with bleeding scratches.

Had he strayed aside to the right or left and gone by the village? He became fearful of losing his way still more, and remained in a tolerably dry place, intending to wait there till the clock should strike one. But it struck not, no dog barked, no human sound fell on his ears, and wet through and through and trembling with cold, with pain and difficulty he made his way back again to the higher bank where Gertrude had left him. From thence, indeed, he essayed a couple of

times to penetrate the thicket and find the village, but in vain; in a state of deathly fatigue, seized with an indefinable dread, he at length left the deep, dark, dismal valley and sought the protection of a tree to pass the night under.

And how slowly did the hours pass by him! For, trembling with cold, it was not possible for him to get a second's sleep the entire night. Every other instant he tried to listen in the darkness, for ever and anon he seemed to hear the harsh sound of the bell, but each time it was an illusion.

At length the first faint light glimmered in the distant east; the clouds had disappeared, the sky was again clear and studded with stars, and the wakening birds twittered softly in the dark trees.

And broader and lighter grew the golden zone of the heaven—already could he distinctly make out the tops of the trees about him—but in vain did his gaze seek to meet the old brown church tower and the gray weather-beaten roofs. The expanse that stretched out before him was nought but one of wild alderbrush, together with a few stunted willows. No way was in sight, leading off to the right or left, no sign of a human dwelling near by.

Brighter and brighter broke the day; the first rays of the sun fell on the wide green expanse that lay stretched out before him, and Arnold, entirely unable to solve this enigma, went back a considerable distance along the valley. While he was searching for the place in the night he *must* have got lost and gone farther away from it, and he was now firmly resolved to re-discover it.

At length he reached the stone where he had made his picture of Gertrude; *that* place he would have known among a thousand, for the old elder bush with its stiff branches marked it too plainly.

He knew now for sure the direction from which he had come, as well as where Germelshausen must lie, and he walked briskly back along the valley, carefully keeping in the same direction that he had followed with Gertrude yesterday. There, too, he recognized the dip of the hill where the murky fog had rested; there could now be nothing but the alder thicket between him and the first houses. And now he had reached it—made his way through, and—found himself again in the same swampy morass in which he had waded about the past night.

Entirely at his wits' end and scarce trusting the evidence of his own senses, he sought to force a passage here, but the muddy water of the swamp finally compelled him to return to dry land again, and there now he wandered up and down in vain. The village was gone—and there was an end of it.

Several hours might have been spent in these fruitless attempts, and his weary limbs now refused to serve him longer. He could go no further and must first take a rest; what good, too, would the useless search do him? At the first village he reached he could find a guide to Germelshausen, and this time be certain not to miss his way again.

Tired to death he flung himself under a tree—and in what a condition were his best clothes! But for that he cared little now; he took his portfolio and drew from it Gertrude's picture, and in his bitter grief his eye fixed itself on the dear, dear features of the maiden, in whom now, as he felt to his dismay, his interest had grown but too deep.

Then he heard a rustling in the leaves behind him—a dog began to bark, and as he sprang up quickly he found an old huntsman standing not far from him, and curiously eyeing the strange figure, so carefully dressed

and presenting so dishevelled an appearance.

"Good morning!" cried Arnold, instantly replacing the sketch in his portfolio, glad from the bottom of his heart to meet a human being here. "I have met you in the nick of time, forester, for I think I have lost my way."

"Hm," said the old man, "if you have lain all night among the bushes—and there's a good inn over there in Dillstedt, scarce half an hour away—I should say so, too. Heavens and earth, how you look, just as if you had lain head over heels in the swamp among the briars."

"Do you know the forest here well?" inquired Arnold, who, first of all, wanted to know where he really was.

"I should think so," said the forester with a laugh, striking fire and relighting his pipe.

"What is the name of the nearest village?"

"Dillstedt—right over there. When you get to the top of that little hill you will easily make it out, lying below you."

"And how far have I from here to Germelshausen?"

"Where?" cried the huntsman, in his consternation removing his pipe from his mouth.

"To Germelshausen."

"Lord have mercy on us!" said the old man, casting a furtive glance around, "I know the forest well enough; how many fathoms deep the 'doomed village' lies, God only knows—and—is no business of ours."

"The doomed village?" cried Arnold astounded.

"Germelshausen, yes," said the huntsman. "Right there in the swamp where the old willows and alders grow now, it is said to have stood so and so many hundred years ago, afterwards it sank out of sight—no one knows why or where, and the story goes that once in a hundred years, it is brought up to

the light on a certain day—evil indeed were it for any good Christian to run across it. But, confound it, the night you have passed in the thicket seems to have been too much for you. You look as white as chalk. There, take a swallow out of my flask here, it will do you good—don't be afraid of it."

"Thank you."

"Nonsense, that was not half enough—take a good swig—so—that is the real stuff, and now hurry up to the inn over there and get into a warm bed."

"At Dillstedt?"

"Why, of course, that is the nearest."

"And Germelshausen?"

"Don't please mention the name of that place again here, right where we are standing. Leave the dead in quiet, most of all those who know no rest, and may rise up among us unawares at any moment."

"But the village stood here yesterday," cried Arnold, scarce master of his senses any longer; "I was in it—I ate, drank and danced there."

The huntsman eyed the young man quietly from head to foot and then said with a smile:

"But the *name* was different, was it not?—probably you have come here straight from Dillstedt, there was a dance there last evening, and it is not every one who can stand the strong beer the landlord brews."

In place of other answer Arnold opened his portfolio and took out the drawing which he had made when he was in the churchyard.

"Do you know that village?"

"No!" said the huntsman, shaking his head, "there is no such flat-roofed tower as that in the whole country round about."

"That is Germelshausen," cried Arnold, "and do the peasant girls hereabouts dress like this one?"

"Hm—no! what sort of a strange funeral procession have you got there?"

Arnold made him no answer; he

thrust the drawings back again in his portfolio, and a strange thrill of woe passed through him.

"You cannot miss the way to Dillstedt," said the huntsman kindly, for he now began to entertain a dim suspicion that the stranger was not entirely right in his head, "but if you like I will go along with you until we get sight of the place; it won't take me much out of my way."

"Thank you," said Arnold in a tone of refusal. "I shall find my way over well enough. So the village comes up only once in a hundred years?"

"So people say," said the huntsman, "who knows if it's true?"

Arnold had once more taken up his knapsack.

"Good day!" said he, reaching out his hand to the huntsman.

"Thanks!" answered the forester, "where are you going now?"

"To Dillstedt."

"That is right—just over the hill there you will come out on the highway again."

Arnold turned away, and slowly walked along. Only when he had reached the summit of the hill, from which he could overlook the entire valley, did he halt once more and look back.

"Farewell, Gertrude," he softly murmured, and as he passed over the top large, bright tears welled from his eyes.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

I had long been familiar with the foregoing story without imagining that the locality was less unreal than the tale itself. But in reading one day a little book of legends of the valley of the Werra, entitled the "*Henneberger Sagenbuch*," I came across the following:

"In the territory of Dillstedt lies a waste piece of ground which bears the name *Germelshausen*; there once stood

a village. It was in existence in the year 800, and was written *Geruvineshusen*. So oddly do the names of places change as time goes on. This village disappeared from the face of the earth, and no man knows how. It was in existence in the year 1267, and in the year 1464 it is set down in the ground-rent records of the Rohr monastery as waste land. The *Germelshausen* water or spring still exists. The tradition runs that *Germelshausen* was laid under a curse, but is silent in regard to by whom and for what cause. Once in a while the place is seen or happened on, but this is a bad thing.

"It may be a hundred years ago that the village doctor of Dietzhausen was passing through the valley which runs from Marisfeld down to Rohr, and he came upon a village where he saw people going into the church, but wearing dark, gray cowls, dressed in antiquated garb, seemingly that of mourners. He spoke to them, but they answered him not. He passed through the village and came to Rohr, where people wore bright-colored clothes, and he inquired concerning the village through which he had passed on his way from Marisfeld, but the people told him that there was no village between Rhor and Marisfeld.

"One day during the Dillstedt Fair a man from Wichtshausen, the shoemaker *Heinrich Messing*, a native of *Altenberga*, was walking from *Wichtshausen* to *Marisfeld*. He did not know the neighborhood, was passing through it for the first time. A village lay before him, he saw its houses, heard its cocks crow, and in front of him walked a woman who was going in the direction of the village. *Heinrich Messing* called out to the woman, that he might learn the way from her, but she answered him not, and did not seem to hear him. He could not overtake her, and finally the path on which he was going led him without the village. On

his way he came by a ditch, which was all grass-grown and almost dry, and it astonished the man to see a fine ditch so neglected. After a time the shoemaker arrived safely in Marisfeld and did what he had to do, but on his way back along the same path he saw neither the village nor the ditch. Once back in Wichtshausen he inquired of a neighbor what the name of that village was, and told him what had happened to him, mentioning that on his way back he had not seen the village. Then the man's face assumed an earnest and thoughtful expression and he said: 'It is well that you did not follow after that woman—she would perhaps have guided you in such a manner that you would never have come back. There can be little doubt that you have seen the accursed village Germelshausen, which once occupied this spot.'

I visited the neighborhood in the summer of 1895. Gerstaecker was probably there about 1860, in which year his story first saw the light. He evidently made an exact study of the locality, as well as of the various traditions relating to the village. At first I thought I had detected him in error, as at the commencement of the story he makes Arnold travel along a highway leading from Marisfeld to Wichtshausen. No such highway is now to be found. But in the maps of fifty years ago the road is laid down, and old inhabitants remember it. Its place is now taken by a road between Marisfeld and Dillstedt, which runs directly through the Germelshausener Grund, as the peasants of to-day call it.

From the little village of Dillstedt it is only twenty minutes' walk to the brow of the hill, from which the hero of the story saw the roofs of the place and turned back to bid his last adieu to Gertrude. From there the valley of Germelshausen is in full view, and may be reached by walking across the ploughed fields. All the old willows

and alders are gone. The land is no longer a swamp throughout, although in certain places it has been found unsafe to plough, owing to the nature of the soil. Most of it has been drained and cultivated. From the ridge beyond which lies Dillstedt the ground gradually slopes to a hollow, rises beyond this to a lesser height or platform, and this in its turn falls away into a lower valley, met at the edge by a thickly-wooded hillside. As far as the view extends there was absolute solitude. Not a house was in sight nor a creature stirring. Tradition has preserved the limits of the old village, which was extensive and probably flourishing. It was situated on the central plateau, and stretched on one side well up the heights, while on the other it fell into the valley and was bounded by the forest. A little stream runs through the middle of the valley and was undoubtedly used by the inhabitants. The water is cold and sparkling.

The schoolmaster of the neighboring village of Rohr assures me that the old tradition still survives. He has written me as follows:

"People talk of the village as being under a curse, some say that it comes to the light once a year, others that it appears only once in a hundred years. The apparition of a girl with a bunch of keys is spoken of, and it is claimed that songs and other noises from the region where the village stood may occasionally be heard.

"A coachman living here, a man of powerful frame, clear-headed, and assuredly neither a deceiver or an imaginative person, maintains that, on the road from Schmeihelm, which he often goes over in the night, when passing the spot where Germelshausen stood, he has heard fragments of church music!"

Herr Görbling, the teacher in Rohr, to whom I am indebted for the above, has since written me as follows:

"I am able to enrich the stock of legends relating to Germelshausen with a little one I have recently had brought to my notice. The shepherd Amthor of Dillstedt (he himself before his death related the following occurrence to his son who is now living in Dillstedt) was one day watching his sheep in the vicinity of the vanished village of Germelshausen. And there appeared to him a young woman, who had spread bunches of flax on a cloth

and was drying them in the sun. She uttered no word to him, but gave him by signs to understand that he was to put some of the flax in his pockets. But the shepherd said within himself, I have plenty of flax at home, and was unwilling to do her bidding. And the girl, still silent, filled his jacket pockets with flax, and vanished before his eyes. When the shepherd, after a time, put his hands in his pockets, he found grains of gold."

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

It is a precept of Aristotle—and how it "would have puzzled that stout Stagirite" to think that he was wanted for a paper on St. James's Park!—it is a precept of Aristotle in his "Ethics" that a subject should be first sketched generally, and then filled in with detail. Such a course is especially desirable in the present instance, since it is not the St. James's Park that is, but the St. James's Park that was, which forms the theme. It is not the undulating and umbrageous landscape-garden of the Victorian era, with its elaborate boskage and symmetric flower-knots, but the plainer and less pretentious pleasure-ground which presented itself to the eyes of Queen Anne and the Georges—the place where Swift walked to get thin and Prior walked to get fat; where Captain Booth met Colonel James and Goldsmith gallanted his "Cousin Hannah;" where the beautiful Gunnings were mobbed; where Samuel Johnson loitered on his way to the library at Buckingham House, and Samuel Richardson perambulated the Mall in search of the mysterious "Mrs. Belfour." Compared with the St. James's Park of to-day it was rather more extensive, since it stretched over

the site of the Wellington Barracks almost as far as York Street, and towards the eastern end of the Bird-Cage Walk, boasted a capacious pond which was not filled up until late in the century. In place of the existing ornamental water, it was traversed from end to end by a wide canal, which, starting from a point a little to the south of the building preceding Buckingham Palace, terminated not very far from the Treasury. To the south-east of this was the old Decoy which M. André Le Nôtre is traditionally supposed to have contrived for Charles II, and which figures so frequently in the pages of Pepys and Evelyn. This would seem to have been a far more intricate affair than the *selva oscura* which now shelters the loves of the sheldrake and the Egyptian goose; but its exact appearance is not very easy to realize from the still existent plans, except by those topographers who are expert enough

to hold a fire in hand

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus.

The Mall, on the contrary, which as now, stretched from the Palace to Spring Gardens, must have been much

the same as it is to-day. For the rest, there were walks, more or less gravelled, between rows of elm and lime; there were ducks in the Pond and Canal; and there were red deer and red cows about the grass.

Many of the old views or "prospects" of St. James's Park depict it from Buckingham House; and with Buckingham House we may begin. It stood, in part, upon the site of that ancient Mulberry Garden where, according to a time-honored tradition from which it is needless to infer a scandal, John Dryden was once discovered, not in his native Norwich druggist, but "advanced to a sword and Chedreux wig," eating tarts with Madame Reeve, the actress. This accident of the house's situation is perpetuated in Dr. King's "Art of Cookery:"

A Princely Palace on that Space does
rise,
Where *Sidley's* noble Muse found Mul-
berries—

the allusion being, of course, to Sedley's once-popular comedy. The "Princely Palace," which really seems to have been a more attractive building than that substituted for it by Nash in 1825, was raised in 1703 by Dryden's patron, John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the author of the "Essay on Satire," who has saved trouble by describing it himself in a letter, duly included in his works,¹ which he wrote to the Duke of Shrewsbury. "The Avenues to this house," he says, "are along St. James's Park, through rows of goodly Elms on one hand, and gay, flourishing Limes on the other; that for coaches, this for walking, with the Mall lying between them." Inside the palisade, behind a square court with the regulation fountain and Tritons, the ground rose gradually to the house, a central building

with side-wings linked to it by pillared corridors. Upon the front facing the Park was the not-inappropriate motto, "*Sic sili lætantur Lares.*" On the south was "*Spectator fastidiosus sibi molestus*" (which seems to have been subsequently borrowed for the Grand Walk at Vauxhall); to the north, "*Lentè suscipe, citò perface;*" and at the back, overlooking the garden, "*Rus in urbe.*" Inside was a magnificent hall, paved with white and dark marble, and decorated with pictures "done in the school of Raphael." There was also a stately staircase, "each step of one entire *Portland-stone*," the walls of which were painted with the story (judiciously abridged) of Dido, "whom," said the Duke, "though the Poet was oblig'd to despatch away mournfully in order to make room for Lavinia, the better-natured Painter has brought no farther than to that fatal Cave, where the Lovers appear just entering, and languishing with desire." Pictures seem to have abounded; the Parlor was decorated by Ricci, the *Salon* by Horatio Gentleschl, who, in a design "eighteen foot in diameter," had represented the "Muses playing in consort to Apollo, lying along on a cloud to hear them." From the "smooth mill'd lead" of the roof you could command a prospect of London and Westminster, with the parks and a great deal of Surrey, while immediately behind you was the delightful garden of the house, with its canal and terraces, its parterres and "water-works" and covered arbors, its greenhouses, its bath, and its walks for cold weather. Best of all, at the end of one of the greenhouses, and in close proximity to "a little wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales," was a closet of books, which, says their owner, "besides their being so very near, are ranked in such a method that by its mark a very *Irish* footman may fetch any book I want."

The Duke of Buckingham did not

¹ The Works of John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Normanby, and Duke of Buckingham. Fourth Edition, 1753, II, 218-20.

long enjoy the mansion he described so fully, for he died in 1721. After his death the Prince and Princess of Wales of that date (later George II and Queen Caroline) seem to have been in treaty for it. But the Duchess, who was a natural daughter of James II by Catherine Sedley, declined to sell; and left it to Pope's Sporus, John, Lord Hervey, who has related how it was the custom of this eccentric lady of quality to observe the anniversary of King Charles's death by sitting, surrounded by candles and her women, in mourning and a chair of state, in the great drawing-room of Buckingham House, which had been duly draped and darkened for the purpose. Whenever she went to the Continent, adds Walpole, she always "stopped at Paris, visited the church where lay the unburied body of James,² and wept over it"—a plety, remarks the chronicler, which did not extend to the renewing of her grandfather's threadbare velvet pall. Lord Hervey never lived in Buckingham House, which was ultimately purchased in 1761 by George III for Queen Charlotte, upon whom a few years later, it was settled by Act of Parliament in lieu of Somerset House. From a paragraph in the "London Chronicle," it appears that their Majesties took up residence in May, 1762, when it was announced that the house would henceforward be known as the Queen's Palace and Buckingham Gate as the Queen's Gate. In January, 1763, another paragraph records that orders had been given for building a new library.

This must have been the identical suite of apartments in which, four

years later, Dr. Johnson had the famous interview with George III which plays so prominent a part in Boswell's pages—an interview, let us add, conducted with the greatest discretion on both sides. "His Most Sacred Majesty" (as Boswell styles him in his pamphlet) endeavored to urge the doctor "to rely on his own stores as an original writer and to continue his labors." "I do not think you borrow much from anybody," he was good enough to say. To which Johnson made answer (one can imagine his measured and deferential sonority) that "he thought he had already done his part as a writer." "I should have thought so too," rejoined the King, "if you had not written so well." The little compliment was worthy of the *Roi-Soleil*, to whom, in fact, its gratified recipient afterwards compared King George. "Sir," he said to Bennet Langton, "his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second." Whether Johnson did much in the formation of the new library is not clear, as his well-known letter to the librarian, Mr. F. A. Barnard, who had brought about the above interview, is dated in May, 1768. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, no doubt, rightly conjectures that this letter (which Barnard for some obscure reason would not allow Boswell to print) was written to be shown to the King.³

Among the attractions of the Georgian park-goers must be numbered what were popularly known as the "Queen's animals." These were an elephant (or elephants), and a beautiful but unamiable female zebra, which some one had presented to her Majesty.

² The English Benedictine Church of St. Edmund, in the Faubourg St. Jacques.

³ According to a visitor in 1767, the library, the books of which are said to be "the best collection anywhere to be met with," consisted of three rooms, two oblong and an octagon. The King occupied the ground-floor, which was "rather neatly elegant than profusely ornamental." Queen

Charlotte, however, rejoiced in pictures (including the Raphael cartoons from Hampton Court), miniatures, Dresden china, "innumerable knick-knacks" on her toilet, and quantities of flowers even in March. By her bed was "an elegant case with twenty-five watches, all highly adorn'd with jewels."—Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys, 1899, pp. 116-17.

"I have seen the park," writes Winifred Jenkins in "Humphry Clinker," "and the paleass of Saint Gimses, and the king's and the queen's magisterial pursing, and the sweet young princes, and the hillyfents, and pye-bald ass." Lady Mary Coke, in January, 1767, also speaks of going "with a great party to see the Queen's Elephants," and these curiosities are mentioned in the "Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers:"

In some fair island will we turn to
grass,
(With the Queen's leave) her elephant
and ass.

The zebra, of which there is a "sculpture" in the "London Magazine" for July, 1762, usually grazed in a paddock near Buckingham House, where it was the object of much popular curiosity, and the pretext for several scurrilous lampoons. Where the elephant (or elephants) had harborage we have not discovered; but, like other favorites of fortune, both zebra and pachyderms fell ultimately upon evil days. From a letter of Mason to Walpole in June, 1773, it seems that, after belonging to Queen Charlotte "full ten years," the unfortunate zebra was sold to a travelling exhibition or menagerie, where in April of the same year she died. Her sorrowing proprietor had her stuffed, consoling himself (as per advertisement in the "York Courant") that she was "as well if not better now than when alive, as she was so vicious as not to suffer any stranger to come near her," whereas, he added, "the curious may now have a close inspection—which could not be obtained before." When this was written, the deceased animal was being exhibited at the Blue Boar at York in company "with an Oriental tiger, a magnanimous lion, a miraculous porcupine, a beautiful leopard and a voracious

panther" etc.; but her eventual, if not ultimate, resting-place with an elephant (also stuffed) was in an outhouse of the old Holophusikon or Leverian Museum in Leicester Fields.

As already explained, Buckingham House looked down the Mall, then shaded by four rows of the limes and elms referred to by Buckingham, and, according to the "Foreigner's Guide," "one thousand Paces in Length." But it can scarcely have been the dry and convenient promenade with which we are now acquainted. One hears of standing puddles where, in wet weather, ladies lost their shoes; and that ardent pedestrian (on paper), Mr. John Gay, is careful to warn the readers of his "Trivia" that "when all the Mall in leafy Ruin lies," they will do well to eschew "*Spanish or Morocco Hide*" and equip themselves with "well-hammered Soles." Something, of course, was periodically done in the way of maintenance, since an announcement in the "Gentleman's" for November, 1751, records that the King and the Duke of Cumberland walked in the "new-gravelled" Mall above an hour, "to the great joy of the spectators."⁴ In the prints and caricatures of the day you will see these spectators, elegant gentlemen with muffs and bag-wigs and stiff-skirted coats, and graceful ladies with trollopees and Prussian bonnets and the monstrous trains which excited the comments of Goldsmith's "Cousin Hannah," reminding that caustic critic of my lord Bantam's Indian sheep, whose heavy tail had to be "trundled along in a go-cart." Contemporary records are thick with references to the Mall as a lounge and rallying-place. It is in the Mall that the Political Upholsterer of the "Tattler" and his companions comb out their old campaign wigs; it is in the

⁴ It had previously been dug, gravelled and rolled in 1731.

Mall that Swift takes a turn with Addison and "pastoral Phillips;" it is to the Mall that his servant Patrick brings him his letters from Mrs. Johnson; it is in the Mall that Beau Tibbs airs his "tarnished twist" and shabby finery; it is in the Mall that his Grace of Grafton runs a race with Garth, which, "to his immortal glory" (says Lady Mary), the doctor wins. But the veritable literary ghost of the place is surely Richardson, ostensibly *en route* for his "little retirement" at Fulham, but prowling in reality backwards and forwards in search of the yet unrevealed Lady Bradshaigh, for whom, and for posterity, he describes himself with all the unvarnished particularity of one of Mr. Henry Fielding's Bow Street advertisements. He is short; "rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints;" wears a fair wig; keeps one hand generally in his bosom, the other grasping a cane under his coat-skirt as a guard against giddiness; is "about five foot five inches," "smoothish faced and ruddy cheeked;" has a gray eye, "always on the ladies;" looks sometimes "to be about sixty-five, at other times much younger;" and so forth. "I passed you," writes his correspondent in reply, "four times last Saturday in the Park; knew you by your own description, at least three hundred yards off, walking in the Park between the trees and the Mall." At last they become personally acquainted and the farce is finished.

Stafford House (the Duke of Sutherland's, and the Crecy House of "Lothair"), standing between St. James's Palace and the Green Park, on what was once the site of the Library of Caroline of Anspach, belongs by its construction to the nineteenth century, and is therefore out of our purview, while the palace itself, as well as Marl-

borough House, besides being still existent, would occupy too large a part of this paper. But to the east of the last-named edifice, and, with its surrounding grounds, extending over all the western site of the present Carlton Gardens, came old Carlton House. This was a red-brick building (with wings and a stone entrance) which is alleged to have exactly filled the existing opening between the Duke of York's Column and the foot of Regent Street. Lord Burlington, to whom in 1725 it descended from his uncle, Lord Carleton, is reported to have laid out its spacious garden, with the aid of his friend and factotum, William Kent, upon the model of Pope's at Twickenham; and we have the testimony of Woollett's plan to the fact that it abounded in grottos and bowers and terminal busts. To these presently, Frederick, Prince of Wales, who bought the place in 1732, promptly added a bowling-green. His widow, the Princess Dowager, continued to live at Carlton House after her husband's death, and, indeed, died there forty years afterwards. Later it was inhabited by another Prince of Wales, who subsequently became George IV. During this time it was rejuvenated by Holland, the architect, with a brand-new Ionic screen and Corinthian portico, the columns of which later, when in the last century Carlton House came to be pulled down, were handed over to the unfortunate Wilkins to be worked into the façade of the National Gallery. In Carlton House the First Gentleman in Europe spent his honeymoon night (that worshipful honeymoon to be read of in Malmesbury!); in Carlton House the Princess Charlotte was born; and (to travel for a moment beyond our limits)⁵ in its "Great Crimson Room" she was married to Prince

⁵ One lapse brings on another. It may be here recalled that it was from the library of Carlton House, not long before the marriage referred to

in the text, that Jane Austen was invited to dedicate "Emma" to the Prince Regent. That in the same library, about the same time, Walter Scott

Leopold. It is part of the irony of things that while the palace of the fourth George has gone the way of Troy and the maypole in the Strand, a humble institution which stood almost at its gates should still survive and flourish. This is the so-called Milk Fair at Spring Garden, not very far from the outlet made by William III into Cockspur Street, and familiar in the drawings of Morland and Stothard. "The cows feed on this green turf [of the Park]" says Pastor Charles Moritz in 1782, "and their milk is sold here on the spot, quite new." In 1765, the same fact had not escaped the observant M. Pierre Grosley: "Conformément à cette simplicité [la simplicité champêtre], la plupart de ces vaches se rendent, à midi & le soir, vers la porte par laquelle le parc communique avec le quartier de Whithall. Attachées sur une file, à des piquets, au bord du boulingrin le plus près de la porte, elles abreuvant les passans de leur lait, qui, tiré sur la champ, est servi avec toute la propreté Anglaise, à raison d'un sou la tasse." In "Tom Brown's" days the place rang with the old musical cries of the milk-women, "A can of milk, ladies!" "A can of red cow's milk, sir!" But, though milk is still sold there, this "*ramage de la ville*," as Will Honeycomb called it, is no longer heard, and two only of the stalls have been suffered to remain.

From the Mall to the Canal, which ran almost parallel with it, the transition is easy. Looking westward from the Parade the Canal started from a point nearly opposite the Treasury and terminated a little to the southeast of Buckingham House. It was about six hundred yards long and seventeen wide, and according to the already quoted "Foreigner's Guide," was supplied with water by the flowing of

the River Thames underground. There were ducks upon it, and, as appears from a famous anecdote, there were also in it carp, which were not allowed to attain the respectable age of those at Fontainebleau and Sans Souci. "I looked out of the window," said his Gracious Majesty King George the First, upon his arrival at St. James's in 1714, "and saw a park with walks, a canal, etc., which they told me were mine. The next day, Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of *my* canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me *my own* carp out of *my own* canal in *my own* park!" The Canal was bordered by four lines of limes which dated from the days of Charles II, by whom it was first laid out; and in winter it was a favorite skating ground. "The Canal and Rosamond's Pond," says Swift, in January, 1711, are "full of the rabble sliding and with skates, if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gallipot and my hands in bed." Patrick was Swift's "very Irish footman," and the bird was a linnet he had bought for Mrs. Dingley at Dublin, which Patrick was keeping in a closet at Swift's lodgings in Bury Street, "where," says his master, "it makes a terrible litter." Rosamond's Pond, which Swift also mentions, was an oblong piece of water fed by the Tyburn, and connected with the Canal by a sluice. It lay obliquely at the end of Bird-Cage Walk, not very far from the modest building which preceded the Wellington Barracks. In Hogarth's picture of it—one of his rare efforts in landscape—it is represented as shaded by lofty trees, and surrounded by wooden railings; and according to the "London Spy," about the elms

told the Prince Regent that Miss Potter's "Scottish Chiefs" had given him the first idea of "Waverley" is not, according to the "Dictionary

of National Biography," regarded as equally authentic.

in the vicinity, seats were placed. "Rosamonda's Lake," as Pope calls it, was equally in request for assignations and for suicides. In Mrs. Haywood's "Betsy Thoughtless," one of her characters, Flora Mellasin, meets a gentleman (Mr. Trueworth) by appointment at "General Tatten's Bench, opposite Rosamond's Pond in St. James's Park;" and in her diary for 1768 Fanny Burney speaks of "a trip to Rosamond's Pond" as the sovereign solution of a delicate distress. Writing to Hurd Warburton refers to the place as "long consecrated to disastrous love and elegiac poetry." Whether this lugubrious reputation had anything to do with its ultimate disappearance (it was also subsequently described on sanitary grounds as a "shameful nuisance") is debatable; but about 1770 it was doomed. "Rosamond's Pond is . . . to be filled up," writes Mr. Whately in June of that year to George Granville, "and a road carried across it to (Great) George Street; the rest is to be all lawn." A month later this is confirmed by the "Public Advertiser." "A Gate is opened into Petty France for the Convenience of bringing Soil in to fill Rosamond's Pond and the upper Part of the Canal. When this is finished a new Lawn will appear in Front of the Queen's Palace, all those Trees cut down which obstruct it, and then the whole Park will be new modelled." All of which afterwards came to pass under the superintendence of "Capability" Brown. Perhaps the most pleasing memory of this forgotten piece of water comes from No. 44 of Addison's "Free-Holder:" "As I was last Friday taking a Walk in the Park, I saw a Countrey Gentleman at the side of *Rosamond's Pond*, pulling a Handful of Oats out of his Pocket, and with a great deal of Pleasure, gathering the Ducks about him." It was the Tory Fox-Hunter, whose portrait had been sketched inimitably in an earlier

paper, and who proceeds to give his friend an account of his misadventures at a Masquerade where he had seen a Bishop in drink making love to an Indian Queen, and had his pocket picked of his Purse and Almanack by a Cardinal whom he felt satisfied was a Presbyterian in disguise.

In the "Random Recollections" of George Colman the Younger, which are dated 1830, he speaks of Rosamond's Pond as having "some little islands upon it, forming part of the *Decoy*, upon one of which there was a summer-house, where the old Princess Amelia [*i. e.*, George the Second's daughter, and Walpole's Princess Amélie] used to drink tea." The recollection is more at random than usual, for the map shows no indication of islands in Rosamond's Pond. The mistake is also curious because the writer's grandmother appears, by permission of the Crown, to have actually inhabited a house in the Park itself. But Colman was only born in 1762, and by 1770 Rosamond's Pond had been filled up. His reference, no doubt, was to Duck Island, upon which there was at least one summer-house, dating from William III, and where there were certainly entertainments. "The Prince [of Wales] gave a Ball last night in the Island in St. James's Park," writes Lady Strafford in the "Wentworth Papers" under date of May, 1729. Duck Island, of which the Second Charles had made M. de St. Evremond Governor, an office which Caroline of Anspach subsequently transferred, with a certain propriety, to her thresher-poet, Stephen Duck, lay at the southeastern end of the Canal towards Duke Street and Storey's Gate, and occupied nearly the whole of the space half-way to Buckingham House. It was less an island than a group of islets, created by channels and inlets within an encircling moat. Upon one of these was the famous

Decoy for ducks. In Georgian days the whole place, which seems to have been sometimes also styled the Wilderness, was a tangle of reeds, willows and overgrowth of all sorts (the very timber upon it sold for £500); and it gradually acquired besides all the malodorous disadvantages attaching to foul mud, sluggish waters and decomposed vegetation. When it was definitely condemned its disappearance must have given satisfaction to other inhabitants of Duke Street besides Lord Suffolk. "The stagnated waters," says the "General Evening Post" in May, 1771, "occasion such a stench that it is feared . . . that an epidemical distemper will break out among the inhabitants of the neighborhood."

The Parade, which, by the way, occasionally suffered during heavy rains from the overflow of the Canal, occupied much the same space as at present, though it was perhaps more contracted. Under the Georges it was less a promenade than a drill-ground, for here, according to the "Foreigner's Guide" for 1740, the Foot Guards [whom we must picture as they appear in Hogarth's memorable "March to Finchley"] assembled daily and performed those exercises which Corporal Trim exemplifies in "Tristram Shandy" to Yorick and "My Uncle Toby." Here, also, as now, reviews were held. "Monday," says the "Craftsman" for Dec. 28, 1728, "the four Troops of Horse Guards and two of the Horse Grenadiers, were mustered in St. James's Park and made a fine Appearance." Here, again, the halberts were often erected for the brutal and demoralizing military punishments of the time. "Yesterday morning," says the "Covent Garden Journal" for Jan. 14, 1752, "two private Centinels of the First Regiment of Foot Guards were severely whipt on the Parade in St. James's Park." A few weeks later the same print tells us that "a Soldier of

the Second Regiment of Foot-Guards received 100 Lashes on the Parade with a Cat of Nine-Tails for Desertion." "His Sentence," the record goes on, was "600 Lashes at three different Times, and this was the second Part of his Punishment, but after he had received 100, the Surgeon who was present declared that any more at that Time would endanger his Life." Nor was this by any means an isolated case. In 1771 another sentinel in the Guards, for merely saying foolishly "that there was no more encouragement for a good soldier than for a bad one," was, in the absence of a surgeon, flogged so mercilessly that he subsequently died raving mad in the Hospital of the Savoy.

Smoking was not permitted on the Parade, and it was considered a grave breach of propriety to draw a sword in the precincts of the Park. "If I were not in the Park," says Booth in "Amelia" to Colonel Bath, who had called him a scoundrel, "I would thank you for that compliment." This prohibition, however, did not prevent the place, especially during the earlier part of the eighteenth century, from being employed as a duelling-ground. "Last week," says the "Craftsman," in August, 1728, "Capt. Graham and Capt. Montgomery had a Rencontre in St. James's Park, in which both were wounded;" and it would be easy to give a long list of such "rencontres," although the great duel of the century, that of Mohun and Duke Hamilton, used so effectively by Thackeray in "Esmond," belongs not to St. James's but to Hyde Park. Over the frequent robberies one may pass lightly. They were as common in St. James's Park as everywhere, and acquired no distinction from their proximity to palaces and the *beau monde*. What is, perhaps, more notable is the popularity of the Mall and walks for pedestrian and other sporting feats. Garth's

contest with the Duke of Grafton has already been mentioned, but there were many similar and humbler exploits. In 1720 there is record of a race between a black boy and a coffee-house boy three times round the Park for £100. In 1731 a butcher-boy ran five times round the Park for £40; and in 1749 a little girl of eighteen months was backed to walk the Mall in half an hour, and accomplished her task in twenty-three minutes "to the great admiration of thousands." Hopping matches were also of frequent occurrence; and now and then insane or eccentric persons would complete a course in that "native nothingness" which Goldsmith makes a feature of one of the mad freaks of Bolingbroke. Such an exhibition was, to his astonishment, witnessed in 1733 by that astute visitor to our shores, Charles Louis, Baron de Pöllnitz. A man ran naked through the crowded Mall for a wager, and because he won it, the spectators, far from blaming his impudence, gave him presents of money. "Jugez par-là"—says the narrator—"si rien égale la douceur & le bonheur de la condition des Anglois."⁶

The Mall, with its broad avenues, was naturally a favorite field for these performances. But there were other walks which had their votaries. At the head of Rosamond's Pond was the 'Close, or Jacobites' Walk; and there was also a Long Lime Walk which led to a grove of elms. Between the Mall and the Park wall was the Green, or Duke Humphrey's Walk, which, like the middle aisle of old St. Paul's, was supposed to be consecrated to fasting persons. In 1754 the "Connoisseur" accuses impecunious ensigns of "dining with Duke Humphrey in St. James's Park," and "dining with

Duke Humphrey" is defined in a caricature of 1762 as numbering "ye Trees in the Park instead of a Dinner." Probably it was in this neighborhood that Goldsmith met his strolling player, who, it will be remembered, was also *impransus*. But in any retrospect of the old Park one reverts to its fortunate rather than its unfortunate frequenters—to the fine gentlemen and the beauties, not to the rabble who mobbed them. This mobbing of notorieties, by the way, especially women, seems to have been one of the most objectionable features of eighteenth-century open-air life. There are many instances on record, but that of the Gunnings is the best known. "They can't walk in the Park," says Walpole of the beautiful sisters, "or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away." Seven years later curiosity had not abated. "Two ladies of distinction (who had, it seems, been incommoded by the mob, as the phrase is, on the Sunday before) walked up and down the walks [in St. James's Park] preceded by soldiers from the guard"—a precaution which, we are told, "gave no small offence to the rest of the company, who were frequently obliged to go out of their path to make way for the procession." So says the "London Chronicle" for June 23-26, 1759. The ladies in question, we learn from Walpole, were Lady Coventry (the elder of the Gunnings), and Horace's own beautiful niece, Lady Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester.

One of the things which most astonished foreigners like M. de Pöllnitz was the impunity with which in public places such as the Mall, the poorer classes rubbed elbows with their betters.⁷ The names of Coventry and

⁶ "Lettres du Baron de Pöllnitz," etc. 4e édition, 1741, iii, pp. 377-78.

⁷ "Ce qui en gate beaucoup la promenade, c'est que le monde y est fort mele; la livree et le plus

vil peuple s'y promenant, de meme que les gens de condition."—"Memoires du Baron de Pöllnitz," 1741, ii, 307.

Waldegrave remind us that there can scarcely have been a beauty from Kneller to Reynolds who had not at some time "made herself a motley to the view" in the old park of Anne and the Georges. Mrs. Barton and Lady Betty Germaine, the Duchess of Buckingham and the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Portland and the Duchess of Queensberry, Lady Worsley and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Mrs. Frances Abington and Miss Kitty Fisher, the brazen Miss Chudleigh and the beautiful Mrs. Crewe, the Duchesses of Gordon, Rutland and Devonshire; Lady Craven, Lady Barrymore, Lady Mary Coke, Lady Archer, Lady Caroline Petersham—these and a host of others must, without the aid of kodaks and photography, have been familiar in men's minds as household words. Nor was the Georgian public ignorant of many notabilities not native to the land. In 1785 the Park was visited by that multifarious genius, Madame de Genlis, accompa-

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nied by the Pamela who afterwards became Lady Edward Fitzgerald. In 1786 she was followed by the charming and ill-fated Princess de Lamballe, who came to the Mall with Mrs. Fitzherbert; and in the same year by the Egeria of the Gironde, Madame Roland. But, at this date, as the last-named lady told her daughter, the glories of the place were on the wane, and the bulk of the company were "trades people and citizens."

In looking over the preceding pages we perceive that we have omitted much which, in an ampler field, would have found its mention. We have said nothing of fêtes or fireworks, or processions, or peace rejoicings;—nothing of the camp in the riots of '80, or of the coronation of George III. But consideration of these things would furnish forth a far longer study, and for the present—as sayeth my Lord St. Alban in his *Essaye "Of Maskes and Triumphs"*—"Enough of these Toyes."

Austin Dobson.

THE CELESTIAL CARP.

"That," said Gilchrist, as he came up behind me and saw what I was looking at—"that is connected with an extraordinary adventure of mine as a boy, an adventure which I have never been able to understand to this day."

The Professor's chair creaked as he pushed it back quickly and got up to come to us.

The subject of interest was only the picture of a goldfish—a goldfish very crudely drawn in water-color on a scrap of thin rice-paper. The paper was dirty and the coloring faded. As I continued to look at it after Gilchrist

had spoken, the drawing made a curious and disagreeable impression on me, which I tried in vain to analyze.

"Where did you find it?" Gilchrist asked. "I have lost that book for years."

I explained. Imprisoned in the library by the rain while our host was busy elsewhere, the Professor and I had spent the morning rummaging through the shelves. The Professor's find had been a black-letter treatise on etiquette, in the French of the fifteenth century. I had unearthed from behind a row of tattered magazines what at first sight I had supposed was an emp-

ty book-cover, but which had turned out to be an old scrap-album of the kind popular during the first half of the nineteenth century. The album had been begun but never filled up. Its sole contents were a few newspaper cuttings, and the little rice-paper drawing of the goldfish was pasted on the first leaf.

"There is something that strikes me as peculiar about this sketch, but what it is I can hardly say," I observed as we all three stared at it.

"The mouth is distended in a rather unusual fashion for a carp," remarked the Professor.

Gilchrist turned to him sharply: "What makes you call it a carp?"

The Professor shrugged his shoulders. "The goldfish is a variety of the carp species," he replied quietly. "You appear to know that."

"I know it; but I didn't think that many other people did."

"It is a Chinese variety"—the Professor was continuing when I uttered an exclamation. The word China had come to me as a revelation.

"This drawing has come from China!" I proclaimed confidently. "It is not the work of a European."

Gilchrist nodded.

"Now I understand why it seemed to me that there was something strange about it," I added.

The Professor shook his head. "No," he said, frowning slightly, "that is not the reason. There *is* something strange about this sketch, altogether apart from the fact that it is the work of a Chinese draughtsman. Look at it again, and tell me whether it is fair to describe it as *badly* drawn."

I examined the sketch once more with the closest attention.

"No," I said; "it is a bad likeness of a goldfish, and yet I should not say that it was *badly* drawn. At least it is not *carelessly* drawn."

The Professor gave a series of nods

of satisfaction. "Exactly! That is to say, that wherever the draughtsman has departed from the correct type of a goldfish, he has done so intentionally. He has had a motive for representing the fish in this precise position. Now, what do you infer from that?"

I was silent. Gilchrist came to the rescue. "That is not intended as the likeness of a real fish," he told us. "It is an exact copy from a model which I happen to have seen. This is not meant for a picture; it is a symbol."

"Good!" The Professor rubbed his hands as he moved back to his arm-chair. "Now tell us your story."

Gilchrist lounged over to the broad bay window and took out a cigar.

"You would tell the story better than I can if you knew the facts," he said to me. "You will find the beginning of it in that scrap-book."

"There are two or three newspaper cuttings here," I observed, turning over the leaves.

"Read them out," commanded the Professor.

"They are all from the 'Shanghai Courier,' and they are dated in the year 1871," I mentioned by way of preface.

"My father," Gilchrist explained for the Professor's benefit, "was a China merchant, and lived in Shanghai at that time."

I proceeded to read from the cuttings. The first was a paragraph of six lines:

"Among the arrivals by the *Orellana* yesterday were Mr. Alexander Gilchrist and his son, Master Kenneth Gilchrist, who has been educated in Scotland. We understand that Mr. Gilchrist has brought his son out with him in order that he may acquire a practical knowledge of the Shanghai trade."

The next paragraph was longer. It bore the heading:

"SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF AN ENGLISH BOY.

"Yesterday a strange incident occurred in the outskirts of Shanghai, the hero of which was a young gentleman named Kenneth Gilchrist, son of one of our leading merchants. Master Gilchrist, who only arrived in Shanghai last week, for the first time was taking a walk by himself when he was accosted by a Chinaman, who addressed him in what Master Gilchrist described as a broken jargon—probably 'pidgin-English.' Master Gilchrist shook his head to signify that he did not understand what was said to him, whereupon the Chinaman produced some gold coins, which he offered to the boy, at the same time inviting him by gestures to accompany him. Master Gilchrist again shook his head, and, beginning to feel somewhat alarmed, turned round to go home. The Chinaman thereupon seized him by the arm, and tried to drag the boy along. At this moment, fortunately, Mr. G. H. Staveley happened to drive past, and, seeing the struggle, pulled up and ordered the Chinaman to release the boy, which he promptly did. Mr. Staveley then drove Master Gilchrist to his father's house; but the boy declares that the Chinaman followed them and kept them in view till the door was reached."

Then came a cutting:

"ANOTHER CHINESE OUTRAGE — SUSPECTED KIDNAPPING OF AN ENGLISH BOY.

"The British colony in Shanghai has been thrown into a state of the deepest consternation and distress by the sudden disappearance of Kenneth, only son of Mr. Alexander Gilchrist. It will be remembered that a few days ago we published an account of an attempt on the part of a Chinaman to lure away the same young

gentleman, an attempt frustrated by the opportune arrival on the scene of an Englishman—Mr. G. H. Staveley. A second attempt now appears to have been more successful. Master Gilchrist left his father's house at three o'clock yesterday afternoon, and has not been seen since."

Immediately below came what appeared to be an advertisement bearing the same date:

"FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

"The above sum will be paid for any information leading to the recovery of Kenneth Gilchrist, son of Mr. Alexander Gilchrist, Scotch Warehouse, Shanghai. The missing boy is aged fourteen, height five feet, well built, bright auburn hair, blue eyes, skin slightly freckled. When last seen he wore a white nankeen shirt and trousers, with dark blue cap and jacket."

I finished reading the extracts from the "Shanghai Courier," and looked up at Gilchrist.

"I don't know how I ought to tell the story," he said; "but here goes. You have got to think of a typical young Scotch laddie, fresh from school, red-haired and freckled, and smelling of yellow soap and civilization, turned loose in that Chinese hell. Of course I hadn't the very faintest notion of the gulf that separated Shanghai from Edinburgh. I don't know what the modern geography books have to say about China, but the book I learned out of dismissed it in a couple of paragraphs. I just knew that the area of China was I think, five million miles, and the population five hundred millions; and that there were two rivers called the Hoang-ho and the Yangtze-kiang, and three chief towns, Peking, Nanking and Canton. The geography book hadn't heard of Shanghai.

"I also knew that the Chinese were

heathens, and that heathens were people who had never heard about God. Not having heard of God, they worshipped the first thing that came to hand, generally the ugliest they could find. To cut it short, I believed, like every wholesome, well-trained British boy, that all foreigners—or natives as we call them out there—were more or less lunatics. I thought the Chinese were just a degree feebler than the rest.

"I doubt if my father knew much more about the people than I did. I think the English have a peculiar gift for passing their whole lives among other races without ever coming to understand them in the least. My father knew all about the tea, because that was in the way of business; but his mind was an absolute blank regarding the real inner life of the men who grew it. Otherwise he would never have let me go about Shanghai alone.

"In those days European youngsters were scarce in Shanghai; consequently I got a good deal stared at in the streets. I took this as a compliment, and I rather enjoyed going into a strange quarter and seeing the sensation I made. At first all the Chinese seemed to me exactly alike; the streets as I went along were a blur of yellow faces and of robes of every color under heaven. It was some time before I got so that I could pick out one Chinaman from another.

"There was a little flower-shop in the street next to ours, and I soon noticed that the Chinaman who kept it took a great interest in me. Every time I went past he would come to the doorway and stare at me with what I took to be an air of profound reverence. This made me more conceited than ever, and I naturally began to show off to my admirer, as I considered him. I would walk past his shop very slowly, and sometimes I stopped and pretended to look at the flowers.

"The second or third time I did this the Chinaman came out of the shop with a bunch of red flowers like nasturtiums in his hand, and offered them to me, bowing with the deepest respect at the same time. I took them, feeling gratified but a little uncomfortable. Then he said something that sounded in my ears like a baby learning to talk. I didn't understand it; but I thought he must be asking for payment for the flowers, so I pulled out a quarter-dollar. The Chinaman fairly snatched it out of my hand, and I came away feeling rather foolish.

"The next time I passed the flower-shop I kept on the opposite side of the way. I didn't want to buy any more nasturtiums; but out of the tail of my eye I saw the Chinaman watching as I went by. The next minute I realized that another Chinaman had come out of the shop and was following me. This was the man who is referred to in the cutting you have read out.

"When my father heard the story he was alarmed, and forbade me to go out again by myself. I rather resented this. I was as fond of money as most boys; and the thought of that handful of gold haunted me till I felt quite sick at having refused to take it. The whole incident reminded me of the story of Aladdin in the "Arabian Nights," and it vexed me to think that my cowardice had robbed me of some splendid adventure. I waited a few days till I thought my father would have forgotten about it, and then I stole out of the house alone.

"The first thing I saw outside was the Chinaman who had followed me standing opposite the gate, with the lifeless resignation of a statue, as though he had been there without moving ever since. I saw his eyes gleam under their shutter-like lids as I came out; but, pretending to take no notice, I walked slowly away towards the flower-shop. The Chinaman at once

moved after me. Finding, I suppose, that I was not so shy as the time before, he soon caught me up. As he did so he held out his hand. I turned round, and saw that this time, instead of money, he was offering me a little golden fish."

"The carp?" I ejaculated.

Gilchrist nodded. The Professor made a movement of impatience at the interruption, and the other went on with his yarn.

"I took it, determined not to be balked again. The Chinaman appeared highly pleased, and at once began talking eagerly in his peculiar dialect. I made out that he wished me to come with him into the little flower-shop; and as I looked upon the proprietor of the shop as a friend, I consented without hesitation.

"The flower-seller grinned with delight when he saw us walk in. He took us through the shop to a room at the back. It was a regular Chinese interior, with mats and cushions instead of chairs, and all kinds of little pots and paper screens scattered about. We sat down—that is to say, I did, and also the man who had given me the fish—while the shopkeeper waited on us. The man of the golden carp seemed to have some authority over the other.

"We had tea and sweetmeats, and then the proprietor of the shop brought in two tiny pipes, in the bowl of each of which was a very small pellet of dark paste. Of course I guessed at once that this was opium; but my ideas about the drug were quite vague, and I had no suspicion that such a mere pinch as that could have any serious effect. In any case I felt so much flattered by being treated as a man instead of a child that I would not have refused the pipe for any consideration on earth.

"Although I have never touched opium since that day, I can still recall

the sensations which that pipe gave me. It was as though my skin had slipped off me, leaving me a different creature. The little room in which I sat seemed to me the most delightful spot on earth. Existence became more glorious than I had dreamed. All the circumstances of my past life appeared remote and inconsiderable. I had become infinitely wise and brave and happy. The moments burst round me like gorgeous bubbles, radiant with a myriad hues. I do not remember rising; but I became dimly aware of moving majestically through the glorified streets of an unearthly city. I moved as spirits move, without the least effort, carried by light volition. Then everything melted away.

"How long the torpor held me I don't know. The return to consciousness was like the difficult ascent from an immense abyss. There was something that hurt somewhere. It was a headache, and it was hurting somebody. The somebody was Kenneth Gilchrist, and that was myself. Slowly external facts began to jut out into my consciousness, like vessels looming through a fog at sea. I was lying on a rug in a place enclosed by walls and a high roof, from which lighted lanterns hung. I moved and uttered a cry, and at once a man came to me—a Chinaman—and gave me a cup of tea. While I was drinking the tea I was shaking off the fluff from my brain.

"I found myself in a large chamber or hall, without windows. Their absence, and the dampness of the air, convinced me that the place was underground. As soon as I was able to get on my feet and move about, my attention was caught by a huge bowl of porcelain standing on a bamboo table in the centre of the floor. I went up to it and found that it was full of water. At first I could see nothing more; but after a while as I peered down into the depths of the bowl, I

saw goldfish waving to and fro in the darkness like moving flames.

"I must not forget to mention that while I was under the influence of the opium some one had deprived me of the golden fish which had served as the bait to catch me. I never saw it again.

"It did not take me long to realize that I was a prisoner in this strange place. The Chinaman who had brought me the tea, and who continued to wait on me while I remained there, could not speak even pidgin-English, so that it was useless for me to question him. I racked my brains to find out why I had been brought there, and I could only come to the conclusion that I had been kidnapped for the sake of the reward my father would have to pay.

"After a few hours the man who had inveigled me, and whom I learned to call Yen, entered the hall, together with half a dozen other Chinese. I received him with very sour looks; but, to my surprise, instead of showing anger or contempt, he appeared as anxious to conciliate me as he had been before I was in his power. One of the Chinamen with him could speak a little English, and through him Yen gave me to understand that he wished us to be friends. He told me to ask for anything I wished, and I should have it. Of course I wanted to be set free; but that was the one thing he would not hear of.

"I soon saw that Yen was the head of the society, and that the others were his followers. During the weeks that followed they all treated me with the greatest kindness—in fact, with deference. They came to and fro, sometimes together and sometimes singly; but I was never left quite alone. Escape was out of the question.

"I was completely bewildered by this treatment. Another thing that puzzled me was a sort of ceremony

they made me go through every now and then, to which they seemed to attach great importance. One of the Chinamen, usually Yen himself if present, would approach me with a lacquered tray, on which he had previously placed a knife and a piece of wood, covered with a paper handkerchief. I was expected to put out my hand and take hold of one or the other of these two things, of course without knowing which. If I happened to take hold of the knife every one seemed pleased, and one or other would take the knife from my hand and go out with it. If chance led me to select the stick they appeared disappointed, and put the tray away. I knew that this singular ceremony must have some meaning, and I used to feel quite a peculiar thrill go through me when the tray was held out, and all their narrow, treacherous eyes were fixed on me.

"One day I ventured to question Yen about what they meant to do with me. I asked if my father had offered a ransom. He told me, through the man who acted as interpreter, that a ransom had been offered, but that they did not mean to accept it. Yen wished me to remain with them and to join their society; but some of the others objected. I noticed, in fact, that I was no longer so popular as I had been at first. Some of the men had begun to eye me with more malice than friendship. One night I woke up from sleep and saw a group at the other end of the hall disputing in low tones, and making threatening gestures in my direction. I hastily closed my eyes, so that they should not know I had observed them. From that moment I literally went in fear of my life. It was to Yen, I have no doubt, that I owed my safety. But for his influence my throat would have been slit.

"Fortunately the term of my imprisonment was nearly over. The end

came very suddenly. One day when there was no one in the hall except the Chinaman who acted as my guard and attendant, a knock came at the door. My companion opened it, and I saw on the threshold a young boy, who handed him a scrap of paper, and instantly darted off. The Chinaman glanced at the paper, uttered a cry, and as he threw it away from him turned round and gave me a glance, as though he were asking himself what he should do with me. Fortunately his fears overpowered every other consideration, and with a gesture of despair he fled out after the messenger.

"I was free. I had already risen to my feet, prepared to resist any attempt on the part of my jailer. I now walked to the door, stopping on the way to pick up the piece of paper which had so terrified him. That is it."

Gilchrist waved his hand towards the drawing of the goldfish, and stopped.

"You escaped, then?"

"I escaped. No doubt the society which held me captive had received a warning that their den had been discovered by the Government. That at least is my interpretation of the affair. The proprietor of the flower-shop disappeared at the same time."

"He belonged to the secret society," the Professor put in tentatively. "Did you ascertain its name?"

"I heard that the Chinese Government had been taking active measures against a body described as the Guild of the Celestial Carp. I concluded that those were my friends, and that the goldfish was their emblem; but why they should have gone to so much trouble to kidnap me, and why they treated me as they did, I have never understood to this day."

The Professor smiled. "I am afraid you are not an anthropologist—that is

why. You have inherited your father's indifference to the habits and modes of thought of the race among which you found yourself. To me the explanation of your adventure lies on the surface."

"What is your theory?"

"Simply this: you were a mascot."

"A mascot?"

Gilchrist's face betrayed the most intense astonishment.

"Yes. The Guild of the Celestial Carp kidnapped you and kept you with them so long simply because they believed you would bring them good luck. It was for precisely the same reason that they kept the goldfish you saw in the porcelain bowl. Your adventure illustrates a superstition which is widely spread among the races of mankind. The belief in lucky and unlucky persons is as common as the belief in lucky and unlucky days. The evil eye is another form of the same superstition."

"But why should they have placed such faith in me?"

"Look in the glass and you will get the answer to that question. The symbol of these men's guild was a goldfish—that is to say, a fish distinguished from other fish by its color. Now it so happens that Nature has bestowed on you a distinction very similar to that of the goldfish. In the streets of Shanghai, I dare say, a boy or man with red hair is as remarkable a phenomenon as the goldfish among fishes. The moment you were seen by a member of the guild the comparison became inevitable. It was in the character of a human goldfish that you were trapped and detained. As long as their affairs prospered you were well-treated; when things began to go wrong they ceased to believe in you."

Gilchrist was silenced.

The Professor completed his explanation:

"There can be no doubt that the

men in whose company you spent that time were a very dangerous gang of robbers and murderers, from whom you were exceedingly fortunate to escape alive. The ceremony you have described with the tray was evidently their method of drawing lots. When you drew the stick you probably saved a life, but every time you delivered

Chambers's Journal.

the dagger into the hands of one of those men you ignorantly caused a murder."

Gilchrist gave a strong shudder. Then he rose, walked over to the table, and seizing the book I had discovered that morning, crushed it down into the heart of the fire.

Allen Upward.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

De Tocqueville once said of the newspaper in his own country: "Its power is certainly much greater in France than in the United States." Like most generalizations, this one would seem to have been reared upon an insufficient number of instances, although at the time when De Tocqueville penned this appreciation all France was still ringing with the din of the often scurrilous, inevitably blatant, but frequently effectively *spirituelle*, utterances of the polemical writers of the Revolution; whereas in America there was probably not a score of serious journalists, and not a half-dozen capable of continuing the influence of the "Federalist." Moreover, in defence of De Tocqueville's opinion, it should not be forgotten that the greater sensibility of Frenchmen, their accessibility to ideas, their quick-wittedness, and their liking for verbal formulas, their imitative and psittacist gifts in a word, have always rendered the power of the journalist among them one singularly to be dreaded, not merely by the individual, but by the State; so that if it was ever true, as it will be the object of this article to show that in many respects it has been true, that the journalists in France

represent what may be called the *quatrième état*, this is due quite as much to the peculiarity of French social and political organization, and to the fact of the newspaper's appeal to a more credulous and tractable people, as to the real professional superiority of French writers.

The factor of the social and political organization is a constant one, and one of such high significance that there can be no doubt that it is owing often to the failure to keep it well in view that so many precipitate judgments are expressed outside of France as to the nature, the aims and the value of the French press. From Beaumarchais to M. Rochefort, and from Paul Louis Courier and Veuillot to M. Drumont, Paris has been the happy hunting-ground of the pamphleteer, and the *ἔρεα πτερόεντα* of these polemicists, crackling with imprecation or personality, have flitted beyond the frontiers, carrying with them not merely the proof of the literary gifts of these writers, but also, almost inevitably, an impression too quickly utilized by Englishmen all over the world to confirm them in their pride in the possession of a soberer or more dignified press, and to verify that other

generalization, as false as it is true, that "a people has the press that it deserves."

What has always been obvious, and what is no less evident to-day, is that the French press, studied in such representatives as we have named, is a press which, by English standards, is one of license and not of liberty. But this sort of statement carries us no whither; the question of license and of liberty, like the questions of democracy or of representative government, not being matters for application as absolute laws true in all cases, or of experimental demonstration in a laboratory, as Rousseau, legislating for the ideal man, would have had us believe, but matters so unremittingly, matters so tragically, relative, that what is liberty in one country is not by any means necessarily liberty in another. It is not, therefore, very luminous or very suggestive in thinking of France in comparison with England, to say that the French press is just the sort of press which France deserves, for there are points of view from which the demonstration would be easy, that it is just that liberty which runs to license which is the best form of social safety-valve in so vast, so complicated, and so beautifully organic a machine as is the French state and nation.

No people in the world has been so long and so consecutively co-ordinating its various functions. In spite of the French Revolution, France has resumed, since the commanding intervention of Napoleon, its steady organic existence of a highly developed, marvelously centralized community according to the Latin ideals of order and inter-subordination. *Raison d'Etat* is not a French invention, but the ideas and state of things to which it corresponds are more characteristically French than those individual eccentric aspirations of emancipation from the condi-

tion of *fonctionnaire*—another peculiarly French word for a very un-Saxon and a very Gallic thing—summed up in the other phrase, *les droits de l'homme*, which, to foreigners, owing to the chronic surface changes in French political life, has always seemed to describe the dreams of a race superficially supposed to be constitutionally fidgety.

Now, if this be true—if Frenchmen as a whole are conservative rather than revolutionary; if the machine of government and of social order has been made to run in spite of appearances with so little friction and so little real wear and tear; if every Frenchman, whose visiting cards bear his marks of servitude, or place in the vast, admirable organization, has but one dream, namely, to form a part of, to play a *rôle* in, the machine—one can understand better than Europe or America seemed to understand these truths during the Dreyfus case, the greater utility in France of an outspoken, disrespectful press, carrying personal revelations sometimes to the precipitous edge of libel, than in a country or communities where no such theories of organized society have been realized, where individual rights are paramount, where justice sacrifices, if possible, the State to the individual, and where the natural expansiveness of each citizen is as little as possible restrained by his obligations as a member of the great whole. The French press, in those examples of it which most shock the foreigner, accustomed to a violence more tempered and less personal, is often, even when most impudent in its attacks upon public men, fulfilling a real public service in exploding bubble reputations and in abolishing abuses. But for it, that gangrene which is so readily propagated in compact tissues might spread rapidly to the entire organism. The state of things, for instance, revealed

by the famous Panama scandals was, long before it was revealed, a menace to the well-being of all France, and the reactionary opposition in recklessly tearing the veil from the body-politic rendered, whatever its motives, a positive service which, in a community less organically centralized, like that of England or America for instance, no one need have given himself the trouble to have rendered at all. So, likewise, in that famous episode of the Dreyfus affair, journalists in quite another corner of the political world indulged in extravagances of language to secure the liberation of an innocent man and to castigate the party of the representatives of *raison d'état*, which would not have been required in any community where the several parts were less inextricably and admirably bound up together. Even to attract attention, in a country like France, it is necessary to raise the voice. The revelation of a "scandal" is often enough solely the affirmation of a crying abuse which only such violent means can cure. What, therefore, was meant by calling the French press, and this press, indeed, more than any other, a safety-valve must now be clear. Liberty in France is frequently at the price of license.

These somewhat philosophic remarks, in explanation of the violent personalities and the scandalmongering accurately believed to characterize a large portion of the press of France, are not meant to justify the grosser excesses—which only a good libel law can check—indulged in apparently from sheer wantonness or by a phenomenon of moral inertia, the pens once set agoing so precipitately being unable, apparently, to stop. The initial impulses determining the direction of the "campaigns" in which these writers indulge are often enough, if one were to inquire too curiously, not by any means such as in them-

selves to justify the results. We have many and many a time seen, apart from the long-protracted hostility manifested towards England by so many of the most popular journalists, similar demonstrations of ill-will towards other nations, attesting the quite extraordinary power of this press for good or for evil. No one in England, perhaps, can easily understand the facility with which a wave of friendly or hostile sentiment can be propagated across the length and breadth of French soil at the nod or breath of some Neptune of the Paris press. In England, for instance, there exists no such organ of popular appeal as the "Petit Journal." Yet, long before the days of Fashoda, it sufficed for an ambassador hostile to England to make his influence felt in this and other organs for that chronic and latent secular misunderstanding between France and England to be revived in its most menacing form. Instantly every member of the lower middle-class in three-quarters of the villages of France was offered daily plausible reasons for detesting England. Exactly in the same way, in the days of M. Crispi, before the subtle and useful influence of Count Tornielli, backed by that of the French ambassador in Rome, made itself felt both at the French Foreign Office and in French society, it sufficed for a single journalist, now dead, to indulge daily in that amusement of pin-pricking, peculiar to Lilliputian minds, for France and Italy to glare at each other across the Gulf of Lyons with the very glint of vendetta passion in their eyes. In both of these cases the opinion of France was positively determined by artificial pressure. It was a phenomenon like that of suggestion upon an impressionable nature. And if, during a period of two weeks, these writers, who subserved thus their own private ends, had suddenly interrupted their

campaign, subsequently undertaking one diametrically the opposite, insulting those whom they had acclaimed and complimenting those whom they had systematically traduced, it is absolutely certain that their readers would have been thrown automatically into a state of mind just the contrary of that against which England and Italy had so much reason to complain. This is a phenomenon, of course, imitable, more or less, in any country in the world, among those members of society who read only one newspaper, and whose field of consciousness, as the psychologists say, is limited. But it is singularly true in France, where the journalist is a writer, in spite of the aphorism of Emile de Girardin, *le style gâterait le journal*, a remark, by the way, which exasperated another great journalist, Théophile Gautier.

The French journalist is almost always an artist in the arrangement of his thought. In many cases his utterances assume a persuasive, because a rhetorical, form. So only he "make his point," according to the laws of persuasive eloquence or special pleading, he cares not, apparently, what may be the substance of his utterance. And, if this be so, it is because his readers have the cult less of the fact than of the form. A thing well said, an article well composed—for the same reason that when a M. Jaurès or a Comte de Mun is at the tribune of the French Chamber, all parties, whatever their opinion, flock back to their seats—make the success of a writer or a journal. Nor does the Frenchman experience the need of making more than one point, or at most two, because his audience, the most positive audience in the world, see with extraordinary precision of mental vision the two or three ideas which they have inherited, or formed, during their several careers as members of the great machine; and the introduction of all those shadings

and reservations which the pure argumentative research for the truth exacts, would be to clutter their mind with unassimilable matter.

The Frenchman, therefore, who may be said to attain unto clearness by defect of vision—who, that is, sees with extraordinary accuracy the one or two ideas to which he clings—finds himself, owing to his *doctrinaire* and logical temperament, creating, quite as much as the journalist who panders to and cultivates the temperament of his reader, a whole host of organs modelled, not like the American newspaper, which tends to be merely a dépôt of trivial and unco-ordinated "news," nor like the English journal, a carefully controlled medium of publicity for the historical fact, whatever its nature, but modelled on what may be called the theory of a limited-liability self-admiration society.

Each several newspaper in France has thus been almost always the organ of a set. For long years, for instance, the "Figaro" appealed to the prejudice of the aristocracy and the upper middle-class. This was an accident of internal organization that followed hard upon its existence for almost as long a period as a sort of less pornographic "Gil Blas." During the Dreyfus affair it lost a large portion of its readers owing to its defence of the Captain, and thus ever since has been seeking, like a revolving mirror, the machinery of which is a little out of order, to discover what set or class it really can most advantageously reflect. The "Libre Parole" is simply and solely the mouthpiece of the high priests of anti-Semitism, distorting by the particular prism through which the admirers of M. Drumont view all contemporary facts, every element of information which it admits to its columns. The "Aurore" makes a definite appeal to the hatreds and the jealousies of that portion of French society

which is not *fonctionnaire*, not a part of the machine, which, in a word, as being quite "out of it," exaggerates, as might have been expected, that theory of the "rights of man" which, by an error of perspective that I have noted at the start, is wrongfully supposed, outside of France, to be the one characteristic of the French temperament. The "Gazette de France," the most venerable journal in Paris, is the ironic organ of all the reactionary lost causes which have ever rallied individual activities on French soil. It represents "Divine Right," and from a remote vantage-ground, securing for it a useful detachment, judges men and things with a freedom and independence that render its perusal not merely engaging but instructive. And so I might go on illustrating from nine-tenths of the contemporary journals in this country—characterizing, for instance, M. Paul de Cassagnac's "Autorité," the "Siècle" of M. Yves Guyot, the reckless "Intransigeant" of M. Rochefort, etc.—the curious tendency of all French newspapers to become the specialized organs of a very definite little body of doctrine, the morning resurrection of a special and limited point of view, a startling document, in a word, as to the nature of French temperament, understood in the way in which I have been attempting to analyze it.

But the interesting thing is that the majority of the papers which make the most stir abroad, and are, no doubt, the most characteristic, are far from being the most important from the point of view of journalism considered purely and simply in itself. It is just because sensational correspondents, no more conscientious than their French contemporaries, or insufficiently acquainted with the relative value of newspapers in France report indiscriminately the most heedless comments from the newspapers of this

class, that generalizations so inaccurate as to French journalism are so readily made abroad. For, in this rapid survey, any reader who has the slightest acquaintance with the best that is thought and said in France, will have noted the omission of such well-known organs as the "Temps," the "Matin," the "Journal des Débats," or the "Univers." Of none of these papers could it be said any more accurately than of the "Times," or the "Daily Telegraph," or the "Standard," that it reflects merely the prejudices of a set. By this I do not mean that on this or that important subject the bias of their prejudices does not become odiously apparent, as, for instance, it all along has been of late in their comments upon the Transvaal War. My meaning is that, taken generally, in comparison with the self-assertive organs of a special class of readers, whose whole theory of journalism is being provided daily solely with such matter as they have been accustomed to digest, they mark a drift away from the traditional, more characteristic French newspaper, and show unmistakably, while revealing the presence of a host of broader-minded Frenchmen, the influence at once of the American and of the English ideals.

The sense of the need of accurately informing the readers is growing in France at the expense of the admirable traditional qualities which once made all French journals good reading, and which still keep the French press the most literary press in the world. The desire first and foremost to get at the fact, rather than to produce brilliant "copy," has during the last decade been creating a veritable revolution in French journalism. We had the most signal proof of this when the "Matin," at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, for the first time in the whole history of French newspaper organization,

made special arrangements with the "Times," sending to London M. Stéphane Lauzanne to provide its readers with such of the latest information concentrated at Printing-House Square as could interest Paris. By this initiative it shattered the protective monopoly of the Havas Agency and spurred its contemporaries to imitate it. Two great daily newspapers, the "Echo de Paris" and the "Journal," sent correspondents to London, and English facts and English opinion are now constantly reported in their columns as elaborately, and on the whole as accurately, as is Parisian life in the English newspapers. Before this revolution, what average Frenchmen knew of England was obtained from but two sources, namely, the malicious articles of a newspaper called "La Patrie," inspired by Fenianism, or the admirable information collected by the very competent writers of the "Temps" and the "Débats." For long years the latter journals have possessed in the persons of three or four of the members of their staffs some of the most brilliant publicists in the world, whose competence in English matters may be said almost to outstrip that of writers on the editorial staff of the English press. Some of these men, like M. Edmond de Pressensé, M. Francis Charmes, now the political writer of the "Revue des Deux-Mondes," M. Abel Chevalley and M. Alcide Ebray, not infrequently astonish even Englishmen by the richness of their acquaintance with English facts, and rarely, until the Transvaal question had for a moment seemed to distort their judgment, offended them by immoderate criticism. These writers still hold their own, but the revolution to which I have alluded as tending to differentiate other French organs from the class of the limited self-advertising journal is, happily, slowly but surely diminishing the importance of

the rôle which it has been their honor to play in the cultivation of international comity. The very journal to which I have just alluded, the "Echo de Paris," as having opened the flood-gates to a whole stream of facts to which not three months ago it would never have lifted its dykes, offers to-day, in spite of its "Nationalistic" Anglophobia, antidotes in its own columns to the poison which it still thinks itself obliged to dispense to its readers.

"Nationalism" and Anglophobia in France go hand in hand, but only provisionally so. The error of Englishmen has been immense in taking recent demonstrations of ill-will too absolutely; they are phenomena purely relative. Opposition organs in France are Anglophobe in proportion as the official world is friendly and correct. The device of all such papers is, "anything to *embêter* the Government." If, suddenly the pontiffs of the "Patrie Française," which is an organization almost overtly directed against the Republic, fancied that the choice of some other Turk's head than that of John Bull would better serve their ends, would more effectively annoy the Government, we should see in a night the tone of their organs evidence a conversion in which insult would give place to amenity. Englishmen accustomed to taking words for what they really mean have certainly exaggerated, owing to the complicity of some of their professional purveyors of information, the rooted hostility of Frenchmen as a whole. Fashoda explains, no doubt, to a large degree the insults of a portion of the French press, although another element is the attitude of England throughout the Dreyfus affair, and these causes are undoubtedly sufficient to account for the reciprocal expressions of ill-will without invoking any general ideas as to the secular misunderstanding between

France and England, systematically cultivated in England by some of her writers and politicians, and in France by the national historian Michelet, who calls England the "hereditary enemy," or lending too superstitious a credulity to the charges of venality made against a certain portion of the French press in response to the seductions of Dr. Leyds.

The attitude of the French press towards Germany was bound to become altered as years went by, but this attitude was necessarily more rapidly fixed by the change of feeling which I have been analyzing, between France and England. And here we see once more the proof of that trait of the French mind inherent in the very clearness with which it holds at any given moment to its one or two ideas. It may confidently be said at present that, as a whole, the French are more amiably disposed towards Germany than towards England, and this in spite of M. Déroulède; and the signs of this transformation are to be seen in the whole "Nationalistic" press, where the proof of French incapacity to hate two nations at once (if they hated in the past Italy and Germany together, it was because these two Powers appealed to their imagination as the factors of an iron-bound unit, the Triple Alliance) was flagrantly and amusingly illustrated. More amusing still is the fact which goes to prove the other point I have been making, namely, that "Nationalism" is a phenomenon that should remain of purely domestic interest and go unheeded by foreigners, its sole meaning being the desire to put spokes in the Government wheels; the fact, to wit, that the "Nationalists" have not hesitated to

compromise the Franco-Russian Alliance by ridiculous exercises of assault and battery upon the Minister of War, General André, whom they would convince the country to be a *persona ingrata* in military circles in Russia. This incident should be taken in England as the touchstone of "Nationalist" sincerity—in spite of the positive causes for ill-feeling—in the attacks upon England.

In general, what I would make clear is this: the French press is becoming more and more worthy of the mission of any press, namely, the accurate information of its readers. And this, I say, in spite of the vitiating rôle of what in French journalism is known as *la réclame*, or paid puff, so chameleonic in its nature, which renders the French press to-day, as M. George Fonsegrive, in his articles on "How to Read the Newspapers," in the "Quinzaine," has shown, a veritable slave while apparently enjoying the largest liberty.¹ A revolution now at its height is rapidly transforming its narrow sectarianism, and rendering less and less baneful the powerful and admirable talents of those of its writers whose most eloquent paradoxes in the past necessarily germed in minds unfertilized by any other influence. This change is being made without any appreciable loss in the quality of the literary style of its writers; and while it is not very illuminating to say that France has the press that it deserves, it is for reasons already sufficiently given, certain that the French press is admirably suited to the conditions of French social and political life, and is the most satisfactory of documents for the historic psychologist, curious as to the French temperament.

The Cornhill Magazine.

¹ I earnestly recommend any reader, eager to complete his inquiries as to the characteristics of the French press, to procure the numbers of this Review of December 16, 1900, and February

16, 1901, where he will find analyzed, with a probity and competence that are exceptional, and with a detail which the limits of my article have interdicted, the internal organization of this press.

MAURUS JOKAI.

Twenty years ago, while rummaging a German bookstall in search of holiday literature, I came upon a thick, shabby-looking little octavo volume entitled "Ein Goldmensch: Roman von Maurus Jókai." The unfamiliar name of the author attracted me, and when the obliging and erudite bookseller enlightened my ignorance by informing me that the mysterious Jókai was the leading Hungarian novelist of the day, I pocketed the volume, curious to discover what a Magyar's idea of a good novel might be. The book fascinated me from the first, as much by its strangeness as by its beauty. It was utterly unlike anything I had ever read before. Character, environment, *technique*—everything, in fact, was poles apart from the manner and the methods of the western or the northern novelists. And then the dramatic intensity of the plot! Never since reading the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" had I met with so enthralling a narrative. My one regret was that its six hundred pages were not six thousand, and I laid the book down, at last, full of the excitement of a discoverer—I knew that I had stumbled upon one of the masterpieces of modern fiction. In my enthusiasm I there and then determined to learn Hungarian for the express purpose of reading this marvelous book in its original tongue; nor have my pains been unrewarded, for I speedily discovered that the difficult, though stimulating, Magyar language was the "Open Sesame" to inestimable treasures. Since then I have learnt to love Arany and Eötvös and to marvel at Petöfi, Madách and their fellows; yet Maurus Jókai, though there are even greater than he in that gorgeous Aladdin's Cave of poetry and romance

which a prosaic world calls the Magyar literature, has always remained my favorite, partly, I suppose, from gratitude, as to him I owe a very full measure of the purest enjoyment, and partly also because in him commanding genius has, throughout a long, changeful and often tempestuous life, ever been tempered and humanized by a singular nobility and high-mindedness. Not without good cause is Jókai at the present moment not merely the greatest novelist but also the best-beloved personage in Hungary. I propose, in the following pages, to give a description, necessarily brief, of the life and work of this extraordinary man.

Maurus Jókai was born at Comorn, in Hungary, on February 21, 1825. His father, Joseph, a scion of the Asva branch of the old Calvinist Jókay family, was a lawyer by profession, but a lawyer who had seen something of the world and loved art and letters. His mother came of the noble Pulays. She was venerated by her son, and is the prototype of the ideal housewives with warm hearts, capable heads and truant sons, who so frequently figure in his pages. Maurus was their third and youngest child and the pet of the whole family. He seems to have been a sensitive, affectionate lad, always fonder of books than of games, but liking best of all to listen to the innumerable tales his father had to tell of the Napoleonic wars, in which he himself had borne a humble part, or of the still more marvellous exploits and legends of the old Magyar heroes. It was from his father that Maurus inherited both his literary and his artistic talents. The boy always loved study and was the joy and delight of his masters, who could not teach him

quickly enough. Both at the local grammar school and at the gymnasium of Pressburg and Comorn he always stood high in his class, and he speedily acquired a literary knowledge of English, French and Italian, beside a thorough grounding in the obligatory German and Latin. In his twelfth year little Maurus was summoned from his studies to the deathbed of his father, a catastrophe which he took so much to heart that he fell seriously ill and for a time his life was even despaired of. He recovered but slowly, and for the next five years was haunted by a deep melancholy which he endeavored to combat by the most intense application to study at the Calvinist University of Pápa, whither he was sent for his degree in 1841-42. At Pápa he made the acquaintance of Petöfi, and was one of the principal contributors, both in prose and verse, to the University Magazine. Yet, curiously enough, he displayed at this time so much skill as a painter, sculptor and carver in ivory, that many thought he would owe the future fame which every one already predicted for him rather to his brush and chisel than to his pen. In 1843-44 we find him settled at Kecskemet, the chief city of the *Alföld*, or great Hungarian plain, embowered in miles of orchards and vineyards, where fine bracing air restored the delicate young student to something like normal health. It was here that his alert, observant eye first studied the characteristics of the Magyar peasants. Forty-nine years later he was to record his impressions in the exquisite tale, "Az Sarga Róza" ("The Yellow Rose"), certainly one of the finest of his later works.

Yielding to the wishes of his friends, Jókai now resolved to follow his father's profession, and for three years studied law with his usual assiduity at Comorn and Pest. In 1846 he ob-

tained his articles, won his first action and immediately afterwards abandoned his profession forever, because he could not find it in him to disstrain for rent upon a poor widow and her orphans. Four years previously his five-act drama, "A Zsidó Fiu" ("The Jew Boy"), had been honorably mentioned by the Hungarian Academy in a prize competition. It had needed no small heroism in an ambitious youth of nineteen to submit to the drudgery of the law after such a brilliant *début*, but virtuous indignation now coming to the aid of natural bias, Jókai made up his mind to go to the capital and henceforth devote himself entirely to literature. In 1845 he arrived at Pest, whither Petöfi had already preceded him; speedily became a contributor to the leading newspapers, and, a year later, when only twenty-one, published his first considerable romance, "Hét Köznepok" ("Working Days").

The book made a profound sensation. Its amateurishness was forgotten, its crudities and morbidities were pardoned for the sake of its striking originality and exquisite charm of style. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the national literature before, and, even then, Hungarian Belles-Lettres could boast of two novelists of the first rank, Eötvös, the Magyar Fielding, and Jókai, the Magyar Walter Scott, to say nothing of a whole host of *Dii minores*. It produced much the same impression in Hungary as "Sketches by Boz" had done in England ten years previously, and indeed, on its humorous side, the genius of Jókai is close akin to the genius of Dickens. The reputation of the young author was instantly made, the most notable result of his triumph being his appointment, in the following year, at the age of twenty-two, to the editorship of the leading literary newspaper of Pest, "Eletkép," which, with the assistance of a numerous staff which he gathered

round him, including all the rising talent of the day, he speedily made the literary oracle of Hungary.

But stormy times were approaching. The invasion of Hungary by the Croats with the secret connivance of the Court of Vienna (September 11), and the murder of the Imperial Commissioner, Count Lamberg, on the bridge of Buda (September 28), 1848, by the infuriated Magyars, rendered a war between Hungary and Austria inevitable, and both nations flew to arms. Jókai, abandoning literature for politics, embraced the national cause with enthusiasm and served it with voice, pen and sword. During the March days, when the Austrian Government seemed inclined to concede all the demands of the Hungarian Liberals, Petöfi and Jókai were the protagonists of young Hungary, and the latter was sent on a political mission to the Vienna insurgents by Kossuth. In August Jókai wedded, under the most romantic circumstances,¹ the distinguished actress, Rosa Laborfalvi, a highly gifted, noble-minded, spirited woman of good family, eight years his senior, who for nearly forty years was to prove an ideal wife, an indispensable counsellor to her devoted husband.² Together they faced all the vicissitudes, all the horrors of the civil war, retreating with the peripatetic Hungarian Government from Pest to Debreczin in the winter of 1848-49; returning the following spring to Pest with the victorious Honveds after Görgei's brilliant April campaign, when the Austrians lost four pitched battles in three weeks and evacuated the fortress of Buda, and again retreating in July to Szegedin after the Russian intervention. Perceiving that the end was now approaching, Jókai first sent his wife to a place of safety,

and then accompanied the last Hungarian army in its masterly retreat to the last Hungarian capital. He was present at the battle of Arad, which led to the final catastrophe, the surrender at Világós, and was only prevented from committing suicide by the entreaties of his friends, who implored him to live on for the sake of his wife and his country. He obeyed with a heavy heart, and buried himself at Tardona, among the beech forests of Borsod. For a time his life was actually in danger. His services to the revolutionary cause had been so conspicuous that he was a marked man. It is true that in his newspapers, the "*Esti Lapok*" and the "*Pesti Hírlap*," he had at first preached moderation to the more fanatical and taken up a strictly constitutional standpoint; but, on the other hand, blinded by the delusive triumphs of April, he had openly approved of Kossuth's fatal blunder, the dethronement of the Hapsburg dynasty and of other equally radical measures, and his eloquent pen had done more than almost anything else to rally and convert the waverers.

At last, after five months of extreme anxiety, he was saved by a stratagem of his wife, Madame Jókai succeeding in getting her husband's name inserted in the list of the names of the garrison of the fortress of Comorn, which had been granted a complete amnesty on October 2, 1849, six weeks after the war was over elsewhere. Yet, even now, Jókai was obliged to efface himself as much as possible, and the first books which he published after his return to the capital, "*A Bujdosó Naplója*" ("*Journal of a Fugitive*") and "*Forradalma Csataképei*" ("*Battle-pictures of the Revolution*"),³ both of them composed in the sylvan solitudes

¹ Described minutely in the romance "*A Tengerszemű Holgy*" ("*Lady with Eyes like the Sea*").

² She is obviously the heroine of many of his romances, e.g., the Princess Anna in "*Erdélyi Aranykora*" ("*The Golden Age of Transylvania*").

³ Both of them give vivid pictures of the war, though of course the author had to write very cautiously. Jókai returns to this exciting period of his life in many of his works, notably in "*A Tengerszemű Holgy*, 1894.

of Borsod, appeared pseudonymously under the name of his dog, Sajó.

During the twelve terrible years immediately following the abortive Revolution when Hungary, robbed of all her ancient rights and privileges, was degraded into a mere appanage of the Austrian Crown and tyrannized and exploited by reactionary foreigners ignorant of her very language, Jokai, almost single-handed and in the face of appalling difficulties, devoted himself to the noble task of keeping the national spirit alive and encouraging his countrymen patiently to wait for better days.

During this period he was literally chained to his desk, turning out masterpiece after masterpiece, at the rate of seven volumes a year, and editing at the same time two literary and two comic papers, to the latter of which he contributed many of the illustrations. Much of the work thus accomplished is of permanent value and comprises some of his noblest creations, *e. g.*, the great historical romances "Erdély Aranykora" ("Golden Age of Transylvania"), with its continuation, "Török Világ Magyarországon" ("Turks in Hungary"), "Fehér Rózsa" ("White Rose"), "A Janicsárok Végnapjai" ("Last Days of the Janissaries"), etc., novels of old Magyar social life and manners, *e. g.*, "Egy Magyar Nábob" ("An Hungarian Nabob") with its continuation "Kárpáthy Zoltán" ("Zoltan Kárpáthy"), "Szomorú Napok" ("Dark Days"), and "A Régi Jó Táblabírák" ("The Good Old Magistrates"); brilliant phantasies such as "Oceania," the scene of which is laid in the capital of the lost island of Atlantis, and the beautiful collection of short tales in ten volumes entitled "Jókai Mor Dekameronja" ("Maurus Jokai's Decameron").

During the transitional period (1861-67), when the disasters of the Italian campaign of 1859 had taught Austrian

statesmen the necessity of some sort of compromise with Hungary, although they were by no means disposed to admit all her pretensions, Jokai began his political career. He sat in every Diet; immediately established his reputation as a skilful debater; founded and edited the newspaper "Hon" as the organ of the Moderate Liberal Party, and had the supreme distinction in 1863 of being condemned by the Imperial Government to twelve months' hard labor in irons for inserting in his newspaper a "seditious" article by his friend Count Nándor Zichy. The king, however, commuted the sentence to one month's *solitary confinement*, and Jokai himself has told us in "A Tengerszemű Hölgy" ("Eyes like the Sea") that during this month his "cell" daily was thronged with distinguished visitors.

But it was only after the composition with Austria (1867), and especially during the earlier years of the long administration (1875-90) of his friend Coloman Tisza, the Cavour of Hungary, that Jokai exercised a constant and considerable political influence both as a Parliamentary debater and as editor of the "Hon." His usual seat was on the second Ministerial bench, just behind the Premier, and whenever he rose to speak he always commanded the attention of a crowded and expectant house. More than once his eloquence extricated the Government from a tight place. Amongst his more notable speeches, most of which have been printed, may be mentioned: "What does the Opposition want—revolution or reform?" delivered in 1869; "The Left Centre the true party of reform," spoken in 1872; and his celebrated speech on the Budget of February 26, 1880. In those days he was a most ardent politician, ready, if necessary, to fight as well as talk and write for his opinions. Three times he has fought duels (happily

bloodless, and therefore unrecorded in Kaczlany's "Famous Hungarian Duels") with political opponents, and on one memorable occasion he successfully contested a division of Budapest against a Cabinet Minister. But it was as the editor of the "Hon" that he rendered his party the most essential service, and in many of the political cartoons of the day, in which he figures as Tisza's faithful henchman, he is generally represented waving the "Hon" as a banner or charging with it as a bayonet. The ultra-conservative comic paper, "Borszem Janko," was particularly fond of caricaturing the consistent and courageous champion of enlightened liberalism, and his earnest, gentle face, with the honest eyes, ample beard and fierce moustache, is conspicuous in nearly every number from 1868 onwards. Thus in the number for August 23, 1868, the colored frontispiece represents Jókai as a huge, black-bearded bald head, furiously editing four newspapers at the same time, a nimble quill pen being stuck between each of the diminutive hands and feet. In 1870, when he supported the candidature of the Israelite, Herr Wolff, at Presburg, he is represented (June 26) on the hustings as the Wandering Jew, in battered hat and tattered mantle, with the banner of a Calvinist elder reproachfully wagging in his hand. His increasing baldness is also an inexhaustible subject for the raillery of this clever but not always very generous print, especially on the occasion of his dramatic jubilee at Klausenburg in 1871, when he is depicted in ancient Roman costume, with a Red Indian feather head-dress, beating a huge drum on a Greek triumphal car!

Yet amidst the stress of this intense and manifold political activity, Jókai actually between 1861 and 1886, found time to write no fewer than a hundred and forty-two volumes of novels and

romances, besides several plays and educational works! To realize what this means we must imagine, if we can, an Independent M.P., Mr. Augustine Birrell for choice, whose Parliamentary oratory, by the way, greatly resembles Jókai's, editing the "Times" and "Punch," without disparagement to his Parliamentary duties, and simultaneously composing all the novels of Dickens, Anthony Trollope and Jules Verne. And please remember that these 142 volumes, so far from being mere pot-boilers, comprise many indisputable masterpieces, and not one of them is without intrinsic merit. For to this period belongs Jókai's best social novel, "Az új Földesúr" ("The New Landlord"), the first novel of his translated into English (by Mr. A. T. Patterson, thirty-three years ago); "Fekete Gyémántok" ("Black Diamonds"); the incomparable "Az Arany Ember" ("A Man of Gold"), a German version of which first led me to study Hungarian, as already mentioned; "Egy az Isten" ("God is One"); "A Szép Mihály" ("Pretty Michael"), that terrible and vivid tragedy of seventeenth-century life in Transylvania; "Szabadság a hó alatt" ("Freedom under the Snow"), an historical romance *temp.* Alexander I of Russia, already a favorite in England; "A Jövő Század Régénye" ("The Romance of the Coming Century"), in which Jules Verne's most daring fantastic flights are forestalled or surpassed; "Rab Ráby," and many more.

Since the death of his first wife (November 20, 1886), who had long since quitted the stage to become her husband's constant companion, Jókai has, to a great extent, quitted public life. It was feared at first that this terrible bereavement would altogether overwhelm him, but he sought and found distraction in strenuous literary work, adding between 1886 and 1899 no fewer than fifty fresh volumes to his already enormous store, including "A Tengers-

zemű Hölgy" ("Eyes like the Sea"), which won the Academy's prize in 1890 as the best novel of the year, and "A Sárga Rózsza" ("The Yellow Rose") in 1893, pronounced by the great critic, Zoltan Beöthy, to be one of the abiding ornaments of the national literature. He is still a Member of Parliament, but he never speaks now, takes little interest in politics and amuses himself while in the House by correcting proofs, displaying considerable ingenuity in dodging the whips on the eve of a division. In 1894 the whole kingdom united to do honor to the Nestor of Magyar writers by celebrating his golden jubilee as a national festival, on which occasion he received the Ribbon of St. Stephen from the king, the freedom of every city in Hungary and a check for 100,000 florins from the Jubilee Committee on account of the profits derived from a national *édition de luxe* of his works in a hundred huge volumes, illustrated by all the best Hungarian artists, which was subscribed for five times over. Jókai's second marriage, with the young actress, Miss Ida Nagy, is of too recent a date to call for comment. His latest romance, written, I am told, during his honeymoon in Sicily (1899) and entitled "Oreg Ember nem ven Ember" ("Old is Not Aged"), is a marvellous demonstration of unimpaired power and brilliance in the veteran author, who the same year celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday.

I have left myself but little space for a critical estimate of Jókai's writings, and any such estimate must necessarily be imperfect and tentative, inasmuch as I have perused but a tenth part of the great Magyar romancer's innumerable productions. Still, I may fairly claim to know more about Jókai than most people; the salient outlines of his literary character and genius lie plainly before me; and although, no doubt, his still unread mas-

terpieces may have many delightful surprises in store for me, I do not think they could materially affect the judgment I have already formed of him.

Briefly then, Maurus Jókai is by temperament a romantic idealist under the capricious mastery of an inexhaustible imagination. One must not, generally speaking, go to him for psychological depth, elaborate analysis of character, or for that objective detachment which is one of the infallible notes of the highest creative genius. From the very beginning of his literary career his warmest admirers have frequently reproached him with his excessive sensibility, his fantastic exaggeration and his penchant towards melodrama. It has been remarked more than once, with perfect truth, that most of his heroes and heroines are either angels or devils, saints or scoundrels, and it is an absolute fact that his immoderate fondness for his pet characters has led him again and again to ruin the *dénouement* of a really noble story. Take, for instance, "A Szép Mikhál" ("Pretty Michal"), where the hero Valentine, who by every canon of art and every rule of honor, should have fallen beneath the headsman's axe by the side of the girl whom he has ruined, is spirited away at the last moment apparently because the author cannot bear the thought of unmitigated disaster. Or, again, take the character of the Nabob in "A Magyar Nábob" ("The Hungarian Nabob"). Here, if ever, Jókai has proved to demonstration that, when he likes to take the trouble, he can draw character with the best. Old Kárpáthy in his unregenerate days is delightful and convincing, a sort of semi-Oriental Squire Western on a magnificent scale. The old sinner finally marries a pretty milliner to spite a profligate nephew who has sent him a coffin as a birthday present. So far good. But when the lady,

shortly afterwards, dies in childbed, and the aged Nabob, overwhelmed with grief, departs this life in the odor of sanctity, one feels that the transformation, however edifying, is too sudden to be quite natural. Moreover, many of Jókai's heroes strike one as a trifle mawkish. Unlike Dickens, indeed, he knows how to describe a gentleman, especially a wicked gentleman (*e. g.*, Bánfy in "Az Erdély Aranykora" ("Golden Age of Transylvania"), or Abellino in "A Magyar Nábob", but the best of his good young men (*e. g.*, Timar in "Az Arany Ember" ("A Man of Gold") and Zoltán Kárpáthy in the novel of the same name) are often perilously like prigs of the purest water.

Another of Jókai's defects is due not so much to temperament as to impulsiveness. It is quite plain, from internal evidence, that he has often embarked upon a long story without proper provision (in the shape of an adequate plot) for the voyage, and consequently has to invent another as he goes along, the result frequently being a series of loosely connected tableaux rather than a complete, straightforward narrative. This fault is especially noticeable in his great historical romances, "Az Erdély Aranykora" ("Golden Age of Transylvania") and its sequel, "Török Világ Magyarországon" ("Turks in Hungary"). In both these noble stories, however, the tableaux are so magnificent and the workmanship so masterly, that one readily forgives all mere technical defects and eagerly asks for more of the same sort.

Jókai's exuberant fancy is also responsible for many of his extravaganzas. He himself has told us that it was his youthful ambition that his Pegasus should fly with him to regions unexplored before, and certainly that frisky and unbridled steed has sometimes rapt its rider away to heights (and also to depths) where

mere men of this world have some difficulty in keeping their heads cool and their feet steady. Some few of his romances are perfect orgies of the imagination.

Yet, after all, these are but the inevitable defects of qualities of the highest order. Jókai's imagination is a wayward Jinn, which may have played him tricks more than once, but, anyhow, has placed him on a throne, the throne of Magyar "Belles Lettres," and subjected Past and Present, East and West, the world of nature and the world of art to his magic sway. In the pages of no other romance-writer shall you find such magnificent tableaux, such splendid coloring, such a prodigality of ornament; and also, when at his best, such ingenious combinations, such a wealth of incident and adventure, such dramatic *dénouements*. His descriptions of natural scenery have a unique charm, combining, as they do, the artist's fondness for beautiful effects and striking contrasts with the minute exactness of an alert and practised observer. He generally takes a single feature in the landscape, by the aid of which he gradually unfolds and interprets the whole environment. Take, for instance, the following picture of the Carpathians, necessarily very much condensed, taken from "Az Erdély Aranykora" ("Golden Age of Transylvania").

We are among the Hermolka mountains, in a land which no one has ever thought of colonizing. The very skirts of this wilderness are uninhabited. Only where the stream dashes down from the mountains does green-sward appear. There among the luxuriant grasses lie the fearless stags, while the wild bees build their basket-shaped nests in the hollow trees on the margin of the stream. That stream is the Rima. She alone is bold enough to force her way through this wild

rocky labyrinth. Sometimes she plunges down from the granite terraces with a far-resounding din, dissolving into a white cloudy spray, in which the sunbeams paint an eternal rainbow, which spans the velvet-green margins of the abyss like a fairy bridge. A moss-clad rock projects from the midst of the waterfall, dividing it in twain, and from the moss-clad rock wild roses look over into the dizzying, tumbling rapids below. Far away down the vagrant stream is hemmed in between basalt rocks. Here the twofold echo changes its monotonous muffled roar into melancholy music, and the transparent crystal waters appear black from the color of their stony bed, wherein rosy trout and sprightly water-snakes, like silver ribbons, disport themselves. Then, escaping from her brief constraint, the Rima dashes onward from crag to crag, angrily scouring a huge mass of rock which, once, in time of flood, she swept into its bed from a distance of many miles, and which, after the next thaw or rainfall, she will hurl a thousand fathoms deeper into the rock-environed valley. Higher and higher we mount, the oaks and larches fall behind us, the pines and firs begin, the horizon expands, the transparent mists which hitherto have veiled the heights now linger behind in the depths. The little green patches of valley are scarce visible through the opal atmosphere, and the hilly woodlands have dwindled into dark specks, the gold and lilac outlines whereof are dimly distinguishable in the brightening dawn. And before us the mountains still rise higher and higher. And now at last even the Rima has deserted us. Deep down below we catch a glimpse of a round, dark blue lakelet surrounded by steep rocks, on whose bronze-like mirror white swans are bathing in the shadows of the pines. In the midst of this lakelet the source of the Rima turns and tumbles, casting its bubbling crystal fathoms high, and keeping the lakelet in perpetual ebullition, as if

some mighty spirit in the watery abyss below were trying to raise up the whole lakelet with his forehead.

Similarly in "Az Arany Ember" ("A Man of Gold"), we have delightful descriptions of the Danube in all its moods, with exquisite little floral pieces thrown in, which could only have been penned by an enthusiastic botanist with the soul of a poet. But, indeed, picturesque detail is one of Jókai's strong points. He, the busiest of men, the most prolific of writers, is never in a hurry. He loves to linger by the way and quit the beaten track, and if it please him suddenly to break off his story in order to produce from the store-house of an immense erudition and a manifold experience treasures old and new, so much the better for you, my reader. For Jókai has a rare gift of exposition, he would have made an ideal lecturer. What could be finer, in its way, than the description of the coal mine in "Fekete Gyémántok" ("Black Diamonds")? And if you would surprise the secret of making even technicalities fascinating, just read once more the account of the coining mills in "A Szegény Gazdagok" ("The Poor Plutocrats").

Indeed, Arch-Romantic as he is, Jókai nevertheless has always been remarkable for a careful attention to detail which would do honor to the most conscientious Realist; and hence it comes about that he, who began his literary career when the old Romanticism was still in the ascendant, has survived the triumphs and the tyrannies of the Realism which supplanted it, and lived to see the rise of a new Romanticism, with which he had something in common. I mean that quite modern school of fiction whose chief representatives are the Danish and Swedish Symbolists⁴ who have grafted

⁴ Johannes Jorgensen in Denmark, and Selma Lagerlöf in Sweden, for instance. The one defect of these charming writers is their lack of humor, but in

their naive sensibility and attention to detail they remind one of the great Magyar romancer.

an enthusiastic idealism on the parent stock of an empirical realism and which promises to be the dominant school of the near future. For that reason alone I am inclined to predict a long popularity for Jókai.

But, after all, Jókai possesses another quality which makes him altogether independent of the caprices of literary fashion—a quality by no means too common in these self-conscious times. I mean, of course, the saving gift of humor, that most salutary of mental and moral antidotes, for Jókai's genius is, above all things, sane, and Jókai himself strikes every one who knows and sees him as a well preserved specimen of that rapidly vanishing type—the thoroughly normal man. It is said that Ibsen, after visiting the Magyar romancer a few years ago, sighed as he left the house, "Ah! if only I were as young as Jókai!" yet, as a matter of fact, Jókai is three years older than Ibsen, and has done ten times as much work, but then, as I have just implied, Jókai regards the world from the sober, liberal, sympathetic, impersonal standpoint of the genuine humorist who is never disturbed by the vanities and the miseries of the ordinary man of letters, simply because he has learnt to know that literature, after all, is a comparatively small part of life, and that man was meant to live among men and not among the gods of Olympus. Of Jókai's humor it is somewhat difficult to speak. So much of its peculiar savor and aroma is lost in the process of translation, that those who know him only in English or German versions will scarce be able to recognize his true greatness in this respect. Dickens is the humorist whom on the whole he resembles the most, but, speaking generally, the fun of the great Magyar is wilder, cruder, more grotesque than

that of his great English compeer. His comic types seem to have less of the shirt of civilization upon them. His humor, too, sometimes is not without a touch of sardonic savagery, as, for instance, in the Callot-like picture of the drunken Cantor and the mastiff in "Szomorú Napok" ("Sad Days"), and in many scenes of that terrible story, "A Szép Mikhál" ("Pretty Michal"), which abounds with grim, not to say ghastly, pleasantry. His minor caricatures, in especial, are often strikingly Dickensian, *e. g.*, the schoolmaster in "Szomorú Napok," a sort of barbaric Squeers, and Margari in "A Szegény Gazdagok" ("Poor Plutocrats"), so strongly reminiscent of Sampson Brass, while Clementine, in the same story, reminds one of Miggs. Of the many comic types peculiar to Jókai, the best, without doubt, are the cosmopolitan scoundrels, mostly of Greek origin, of which that prince of professional blackmailers, Theodore Kristyan in "Az Arany Ember" ("A Man of Gold"), is the most consummate specimen.* The odd humor of Turkish Agas and Pachas also gives a piquant seasoning to some of his most pleasant pages, and if you want to see the Roumanian peasant at his best, and the Magyar peasant at his worst, you could not go to a better guide than Jókai.

For the last forty years Jókai has been the best-known personage in the Hungarian capital. His slim, erect, elastic figure; his carefully kept beard and truculently pointed moustache; even his long, spruce, black Francis-Joseph *kabát* or *surtout*, with the invariable dark brown trousers, and the Cornelian dog-headed pin stuck jauntily into the bright neckerchief, form an essential part and parcel of the social atmosphere of Budapest. In the days when he meddled with politics

* An excellent translation of this book by Mrs. Kennard, through the German I believe, was pub-

lished by Messrs. Blackwood in 1880 under the title of "Timar's Two Worlds."

and condescended to employ his leisure hours in averting Ministerial crises, he would frequently be observed pacing the corridors of the Parliament House with head erect and hands crossed behind his back, and then every one knew that the Member for Kassa was about to deliver one of his persuasive speeches in a crowded house. But all that is over now. He has ceased to serve "that old hag, Dame Politica," and only quits his writing-table for a couple of hours every evening to fight his old political leader, Coloman Tisza, for a few florins at the tarok table of their club. But his appetite for work is as voracious as ever. He is up every day at dawn, summer and winter, and has generally written his 30,000 words before lunch. His life is absolutely harmonious; to every hour of the day

is allotted its proper labor or pleasure, and he always has a pocket-full of witticisms and comic *aperçus* for the delectation of his innumerable friends. But his greatest happiness is to know that he has only one unforgivable enemy in the world, and that is the phylloxera, with which he wages remorseless warfare in his vineyard-garden at Svábhegy, the place which he loves the most. For Jókai, like that other great teller of tales, Hans Andersen, is a great lover of flowers, and flowers thrive in his garden as they thrive nowhere else. He also might say with the immortal Hans, "Flowers know very well that I love them; even if I were to stick a peg into the ground I believe it would grow." And Jókai's friends tell us that to see him in his garden is to see him at his best.

The Monthly Review.

R. Nisbet Bain.

OUTWARD BOUND.

(President McKinley: Died September 14th, 1901.)

Farewell! for now a stormy morn and dark
The hour of greeting and of parting brings;
Already on a rising wind yon bark
Spreads her impatient wings.

Too hasty keel, a little while delay!
A moment tarry, O thou hurrying dawn!
For long and sad will be the mourners' day
When their beloved is gone.

But vain the hands that beckon from the shore;
Alike our passion and our grief are vain.
Behind him lies our little world: before
The illimitable main.

Yet, none the less, about his moving bed
Immortal eyes a tireless vigil keep—
An angel at the feet and at the head
Guard his untroubled sleep.

Two nations bowed above a common bier,
Made one forever by a martyred son—
One in their agony of hope and fear,
And in their sorrow one.

And thou, lone traveller of a waste so wide,
The uncharted seas that all must pass in turn,
May the same star that was so long thy guide
O'er thy last voyage burn.

No eye can reach where through yon sombre veil
That bark to its eternal haven fares;
No earthly breezes swell its shadowy sail;
Only our love and prayers.

Edward Sydney Tylee.

The Spectator.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The hope which was felt last week of the recovery of President McKinley proved to be unfounded, his wound having been mortal. On Thursday, September 12th, just after his attendants had announced that he was out of danger, he showed signs of collapse, and early on Saturday he expired. The cheerful reports of the surgeons are still unexplained, for several of them were experienced men, and the autopsy showed that from the first the murdered President had never had a chance of surviving. The wound had paralyzed the stomach, and even if gangrene had not set in he must have perished of the exhaustion caused by the inability of the body to assimilate food. The doctors were probably deceived by the patient's apparently strong vitality, but they must have seen many wounds from revolver bullets, and it is difficult not to believe that their hopefulness was due to a great unwillingness to increase the public excitement by acknowledging the lamentable truth. The same policy

was pursued in the case of President Garfield. The public regret both here and in America is deep and sincere, and on this side it has been increased by a certain latent distrust of the character of his successor, which, it is fancied may prove too Bismarckian. The record of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who under the Constitution becomes President until March, 1905, as politician, as soldier in the Spanish War and as Governor of New York, is acknowledged to be most excellent, but there is an impression that he is unusually masterful, that he is inclined to Jingoism, that he holds to the policy known as that of the Monroe Doctrine with extreme tenacity, and that he is especially antagonistic to Great Britain. Mr. Roosevelt has made many speeches and has written much, and both from his speeches and his brochures it is deduced that he is fully conscious of the power of the United States, that he would exert that power to the utmost to prevent any extension of European territory in any part of Ameri-

ca, North or South, and that he thinks it high time that Europe should resign any existing possessions on that continent. He does not, it is said, exactly claim Canada, but he thinks that Canada ought at least to be independent. He would also cut a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and, having cut it, would assert that it must be controlled only by the Republic, even if there are treaties providing, as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty provides, that such control should be divided. He is, in fact, it is believed, a warm advocate of the policy of expansion within the Western Hemisphere, and would take advantage of any dispute to maintain the hegemony of the United States in that hemisphere, if not their actual sovereignty over it, by force of arms.

We think the apprehension much exaggerated. No statesman is safe if he is to be bound by the rather reckless expressions of his immature years, and Mr. Roosevelt may prove, as President, to be as different from Mr. Roosevelt as Governor of New York, or as Vice-President of the Union, as a European Sovereign usually is from himself when only *Heir-Apparent*. The responsibilities of office often modify character by bringing forward a side of it previously unsuspected, and they almost always profoundly modify previously entertained opinions. It does not follow, because Mr. Roosevelt in a private capacity entertained certain very natural, if ambitious, wishes, that he is therefore prepared in order to realize those wishes, to bring upon his country all the calamities of war. He may desire—probably does desire—to see the Isthmian Canal, whether cut through Nicaragua or through Panama, a purely American waterway, but he is not the kind of man, if we read his character aright, to disregard treaties or to wish to obtain by violence what might be obtained by diplomacy. Though an exceptionally brave man,

with the material in him of a great military organizer, he has seen too much of war for that, and is too conscious that political advantages, however desirable, may be too dearly purchased. As to the West Indies, he is very unlikely even to wish to increase the colored population of the States, while as regards Canada, though every American wishes to extend the Republic to the North Pole, every American is aware that five millions of unwilling white citizens disposed to support every Secessionist party would bring no solid strength to the Union, but rather a source of weakness. Mr. Roosevelt is no Anglophobe, eager to fight Great Britain merely because she is Great Britain, but at most an American of somewhat fiery patriotism, who would gladly see his country even more influential in the affairs of the world than she is at present, when a certain primacy is conceded to her by all Europe as a depository of unbroken and nearly inexhaustible power. Even Bismarck never made war for the sake of war, and preferred hopeful alliances, as in the Austrian case, to large territorial extensions.

It is possible, too, to exaggerate Mr. Roosevelt's personal authority. He is a man of great force and dignity of character, with an exceptional hold over his people, but from the moment he becomes President he passes under the influence of the great interests of the States, the politicians, the diplomats, the capitalists, all of whom are opposed to anything like rash or gigantic political enterprise. He will be resisted, whatever his policy, by a party nearly equal to his own, and he is as regards foreign policy, controlled under the Constitution by the majority of the Senate, which, though no doubt Jingo just at present upon the question of the Canal, is by instinct indisposed to convert itself into a mere following of the Head of the

Executive. Mr. Roosevelt would be the last man to assail their authority by any revolutionary method, and to persuade them to violent courses he must have a good case to defend, which it may be taken as certain that no European Power will voluntarily afford him. The European Powers do not wage profitless wars, and it is the special peculiarity of the American position that no Power at war with the Union can hope, even if victorious, to obtain from victory any advantage whatsoever. It might as well be fighting with the planet Mars. We regard, therefore, these alarms, of which we may by-and-by find Continental papers full, as altogether unreal, or rather just as little and as much real as they were while President McKinley was alive. Mr. McKinley would certainly have fought for the Monroe Doctrine, and possibly for the right to cut the Panama Canal, and Mr. Roosevelt will only follow in the main in the footsteps of his predecessor. Indeed he has already promised to do so, and although all such promises are much affected by the personal equation, and by the new men whom each successive President gathers round him, still the eager approval of the promise expressed by the great Republican party must have most serious weight. The President of the United States represents, no doubt, the whole people of that great nation, but he is still the nominee, and, in part, the instrument of his own special party which raised him to power—for in the absence of Mr. McKinley Mr. Roosevelt would have been elected—and

which alone can grant him a second term; that is, can not only gratify his natural and justifiable ambitions, but can secure him the time necessary for the completion of any large or far-reaching designs. It is very rarely and under most exceptional circumstances, that the dominant party in the States completely loses all control of the President. Indeed, it has occurred only once. All the "managers" acting together could not have prevented Mr. Lincoln's second election, but, as far as we know, that situation has never occurred before, and has never reappeared.

One fact comes out very strongly in this discussion, and that is that the personality of the American President is quite as important to Europe as that of any Sovereign, and that the movements of opinion within the Republic will be watched henceforward with most eager attention. It is not only Great Britain which is interested in American policy, but the entire Continent, which, apart altogether from territorial questions, even exaggerates American control over the future economic position. The most burning question of the hour in Berlin and Vienna is whether President Roosevelt will be as completely Protectionist as President McKinley was, and whether, in promising to follow his predecessor's policy, he included or did not include the speech in which President McKinley hinted that Protection had nearly done its work, and must be exchanged for the pursuit of wider markets, which can only be secured by a policy of freer trade.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Among the gift-books in the press of L. C. Page & Co. for early publication are a library edition de luxe of Alexandre Dumas's "Celebrated Crimes" in three volumes; and Grant Allen's "Florence" in two volumes, uniform with the same author's "Paris," which was published last season.

It is probably in recognition of the growing taste for the occult and the mysterious that Henry T. Coates & Co. are publishing this season a new edition of Mrs. Crowe's "The Night Side of Nature" which sent shivers down the backs of the readers of two generations or more ago.

Mr. W. S. Lilly's "Renaissance Types" is a careful investigation of the origin of the Renaissance, a sketch of its scope and development and a study of the aspects of the movement as exhibited by five of its types or representative men—Michael Angelo, Erasmus, Reuchlin, Luther and Sir Thomas More.

It is a curious fact that Mr. Joseph Conrad, whose excellent English style readers of "The Heart of Darkness" in "The Living Age" will recall with pleasure, is not an Englishman but a native of Poland. He acquired his knowledge of English, as well as the nautical experience which is wrought into his stories, on several deep sea voyages on sailing ships from London, at first as mate and later as master.

It is said that the British public finds it hard to distinguish between the two Winston Churchills. The last book of the American Winston Churchill was

gravely reviewed in leading English journals as if it were written by Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill; and so long ago as when the latter escaped from Pretoria, his interested country-women, according to the Academy, stormed the libraries to get the American Mr. Churchill's novel.

"If a book of this sort is not practical, it is naught," says Arlo Bates of his Second Series of "Talks on Writing English," and practical teacher and student are sure to find it. Taking up points of more nicety than in his earlier volume, Professor Bates discusses tersely and pungently the topic sentence, paragraphing, composition and revision, parallel construction and other technicalities, often emphasizing the principles laid down by examples direct from the class-room. Not adapted to school use only, the book is an admirable guide for any one who wishes to improve his English style. Considered as a collection of essays on a theme of unflagging interest, it is delightful reading—fresh, piquant and daring as one expects Arlo Bates's work to be. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Two "juveniles" uncommonly well fitted to please both the parent who buys and the child who reads come from the Henry Altemus Co. "Caps and Capers," by Gabrielle E. Jackson, author of "Pretty Polly Perkins," is an attractive story of boarding-school life, written from the girls' standpoint rather than the teachers', and full of fun and frolic, but sensible and wholesome in its tone. Tudor Jenks's name on the cover of "Galopoff, The Talk-

ing Pony" promises a delightful combination of realism and romance, with touches of characteristic drollery. Galopoff, as might be guessed, is a Russian pony, and his adventures range from automobiles to wolves. He tells his stories in a chapter each, and the reader may have them one at a time, as Lola and Pauline did, or consecutively. The book is a capital one for bed-time use, and mamma will enjoy it almost as well as the children.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood's is a name to make hope spring anew in the breast of the most jaded reader of current historical fiction. In "Lazarre" she tells with her usual vivacity and enthusiasm the story of the unhappy son of Louis XVI, rumored not dead in the Temple, but smuggled out by friends, sent to America, and brought up in ignorance of his birth and claims, among the Iroquois near Lake George. The possibilities of the Dauphin's maturer years—his discovery of his identity, journey to France, recognition by his sister and repudiation by his uncle, the Count of Provence, the return to America, the recall by his uncle and the final renunciation—all these are cleverly imagined and portrayed. Romance plays a more important part than ambition in the career of the young Bourbon, and the character of his lady-love is a charming one. "Lazarre" will add another to the popular successes on the list of the Bowen-Merrill Co.

Little, Brown & Co.'s fall announcements are specially rich in books for boys and girls. Among them is an illustrated holiday edition of Miss Alcott's "Little Men," which is a classic of its kind; a new illustrated edition of Nora Perry's "Another Flock of Girls;" a new story by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission;" "High School Days in Harbortown," a new story by Mrs.

Wesselhoeft; "The Magic Key," a modern fairy story by Elizabeth S. Tilley; "The Captain of the School" by Edith Robinson; two plays for children, adapted by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould from "Little Men" and "Little Women;" a new "Teddy" book by Anna Chapin Ray; "The Story of a Little Poet" by Sophie Cramp Taylor; a new story by Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith, who wrote the "Jolly Good Times" books; a new edition of Susan Coolidge's *Katy Did* books; a new volume in Mr. True's series of revolutionary tales for boys; a sequel to Helen Leah Reed's story of "Brenda;" and a fanciful story "As the Goose Flies," written and illustrated by Katharine Pyle.

Larned's "History for Ready Reference and Topical Reading," which may fairly be said to stand in a class by itself as an encyclopædic compendium of history, has been published in a new and enlarged edition by the C. A. Nichols Co. The addition of a sixth volume has made possible a complete summary of the history of the last six or seven years. The article on China, for example, is brought down to the negotiations of the early summer; that on the United States to the Supreme Court decisions last May; that on Australia to the opening of the Australian Parliament in May; that on South Africa to the negotiations between Lord Kitchener and General Botha last spring. The work is so arranged that it is equally possible to find a particular fact or date through the references and cross references, or to pursue a topic through a course of reading by means of extracts from the most trustworthy writers and from original documents. Whether as a supplement to an historical library or as a substitute for one, the work is of the highest value; and its usefulness is enhanced by a large number of original maps, historical and topical as well as geographical.

CRAS TIBI.

[In the Horatian manner.]

I.

Wine of Chios, wine of Lesbos drink
you;

But bethink you
(When the gods you praise
Amid your jovial feasting) that our
days

So quickly run,
That here we stay with but as brief
delay

As from a rising to a setting sun.
Wine of Lesbos, wine of Chios drink
you;

But—bethink you!

Falernian wine is good! Pass round
the cup,

And drink amain!
When you have drunk it up,
Then fill it to the brim and drink
again!

Look how the laughing hours, crowned
with flowers,

Go reeling by!

But through the dance and song
Bear you this thought along,
That we must die.

Yes, they are gone—the Bacchanalian
wights,

Who revelled through the nights
At Attic banquet or at Roman board.
They had their day, then went the
common way

That all must go; the high, the low;
The peasant and the lord.

II.

We revel not among
The wines that Horace and Anacreon
sung;

But to our merchants' doors,
(To fill our flasks)

Thousands of mighty casks
Come hither from the Lusitanian
shores:

And many a butt we see
From Xeres and from Burgundy:
Champagne and sweet Moselle
Behold as well;

The vintage of the Bordelais, and
more;

A goodly store.

Wine of Xeres, wine of Medoc drink
you,

But bethink you!
No matter whether flagon, jack or
can;

Or graven silver cup, Theocritan
(Where foxes watch the boy the while
that he

Watches the grapes; where in the
sea

The ancient fisher casts his heavy net)

Nor how, from age to age,
The scenes are shifting on this antic
stage;

Nor whence the wine with which the
board is set.

But now, to crown the jest, the laugh
went round;

Its echo lingers yet; and there,
Beside each vacant chair,
An empty goblet lies upon the ground!

Wine of Medoc, wine of Xeres drink
you;

But—bethink you!

William Cairns.

Literature.

ONE DAY.

A tremulous light came creeping
Into the east at morn.
While half of the world was sleeping
The little new day was born.

But one sick child was waking,
And watching with weary eyes,
For the first faint sign of breaking
Of light in the eastern skies.

"Little new day, my morrow,
What do you hold for me?
Is it delight or sorrow
Deep in your hands I see?"

"Little sick child, I carry
That which shall make you blest.
'Twill not be long I tarry,
Then—I will give you rest."

Out of the world went winging
The weary, old, worn-out day,
But the child to his hand was clinging,
And together they slipped away.

Katharine A. Brock.

The Sunday Magazine.

